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VELASQUEZ

BY

R. A. M. STEVENSON

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE critical part of the matter in this volume has appeared before, in a more expensive form, under the title "The Art of Velasquez." The biographical information, however, which was limited then to a single paragraph, has been amplified, and now forms a separate chapter. The Author has taken advantage of the opportunity to make a few verbal corrections, the time at his disposal not having allowed him to re-visit Madrid, as he had hoped to do.

A list of the works of Velasquez, and a Bibliography, have been added by the Editor of the Series. It is not claimed that the list is in any sense complete; nor has Dr Williamson attempted to be critical in his attributions. He has simply recorded all the pictures attributed to Velasquez with which he is acquainted, adding such notes as are contained in catalogues or in his own note-books, and accepting the information supplied by the owners of the pictures. To the pages of the book he would refer the student for any scientific criticism or for authoritative statements as to the authenticity of disputed pictures.

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VELASQUEZ

INTRODUCTION

THE IMPORTANCE OF VELASQUEZ IN THE HISTORY OF PAINTING

WHEN one speaks of Velasquez, it must be remembered that his influence upon art is still young. His genius slumbered for two hundred years, till the sympathy of one or two great artists broke the spell and showed us the true enchanter of realism, shaping himself from a cloud of misapprehension. The importance and the comparative novelty of the subject may excuse these few notes, taken during a visit to Madrid. For it will be allowed that Italy still draws the mass of picture-lovers. Hundreds of writers, sitting at home, direct the pilgrimages of thousands of travellers amidst the nicest details of Italian galleries. Every day sees some new book or paper on the Raphaelites, pre-Raphaelites, or Venetians. You enter the Uffizi of Florence or the Academy of Venice with a crowd who look at their books no less than at the pictures. The Prado of Madrid is almost your own; a few students are there, and a stray traveller or two like yourself, but you may wander half a morning and see no other Englishman. The great gallery has not yet been described and criticised in English more than

it deserves. Now people like to attach a ready-made sentiment to a picture; they hate to form their own judgment, and to wait till a canvas speaks to them in its own language. The true effect of art is slow. A picture is a quiet companion of your leisure, whose mood you learn to accept without heated controversy; one of those quiet figures, in fact, who sit and smoke opposite you, till you seem to exchange thoughts with them by something like mental transference. If you must rush this intimacy in a public gallery, you should look at a picture as you would at a mesmeriser, with your head empty and all your life in your eyes. But the hurried visitor sins from over-eagerness. He is fluttered by anticipation of the many things to come, and will not abandon himself to what is actually before his eyes. He will not wait; he prefers to bustle up his acquaintance with a canvas by means of the formal introduction of some one whom he regards as an habitué of picture-galleries.

The energy and eloquence of a Ruskin and the sympathetic comprehension of a Whistler or a Carolus-Duran are needed for Madrid. I do not pretend to have settled my own opinions about Velasquez, much less to set myself up as a guide, or to utter a final word upon such a subject. Some one with time and opportunity, I hope, may take my notes into account, in a thorough investigation of Velasquez, from the point of view of modern art. As yet few but painters enjoy Velasquez, or rightly estimate his true position in the history of art. Not much is known about him. Contempt, not to say oblivion, fell on the man who preconceived the spirit of our own day. Amongst notable prophets of the new and true — Rubens,

Rembrandt, Claude—he was the newest, and certainly the truest, from our point of view; so new and so true, indeed, that two hundred years after he had shown the mystery of light as God made it, we still hear that Velasquez was a sordid soul who never saw beauty, a mere master of technique, wholly lacking in imagination. So say those whose necks are stiff with looking at Italy and Raphael. Delacroix[1] complains of them, in his Letters, that they see beauty only in lines, and therefore refuse to believe that others may receive a different kind of impression. The opinion of these people is not to be controverted by words alone, and, as nature is a hard teacher, a student may save himself trouble by studying Velasquez at Madrid. A man of genius learns from a mere hint, it is true, and such an one without going farther than Paris or London may understand how Velasquez saw the world: a more ordinary eye, however, must take the Spaniard's greatness half on trust, if he has not seen Madrid. But with the best will in the world some eyes really cannot see the side of nature that Velasquez saw; while others are so bandaged by Italian prejudice that they may save themselves the trouble of a journey.

[1] "Ce fameux beau que les uns voient dans la ligne serpentine, les autres dans la ligne droite, ils se sont tous obstiné a ne le voir que dans les lignes. Je suis a ma fenêtre et je vois le plus beau paysage: l'idée d'une ligne ne me vient pas à l'esprit."

CHAPTER I

HIS SURROUNDINGS IN SPAIN: HIS POSITION AT THE COURT OF PHILIP IV.

TRAVELLING in Spain, after all, is not so bad as many would have it. Neither are the trains so slow and so dangerous, nor the food and wine so unpalatable, as they have been reported, while the approach to Madrid must take you through the scenery of Velasquez's pictures. This provides a fitting overture to the long array of his works which awaits you in the Prado. But in itself no country offers a more beautiful landscape than Spain, and none that I have seen provides a more desirable setting for figures, horses, and other picturesque objects. No trivialities encumber the large structural features of this country. As in the fens, so here, a figure dominates. You see it on the dry, stony foregrounds of empty, rolling plains, which are ringed round with sharp, shapely sierras in the broad, blue distance. The landscape is unembarrassed with detail, but the one or two interesting forms with which it is furnished are at once simple and piquant. A clear, delicate atmosphere, penetrated with a flood of light, softens every definition, and fuses every local tint without blotting it, as in our own foggy island. No local hue appears as if gummed like a wafer against the universal grey paper of everything that is not quite close at hand; nor do the masses of objects look like

PHILIP IV

thin, unmodelled side scenes against an obliterated distance. Things of the liveliest tint sink into the coloured whole, owning, by their lit side as by their shadowed, the federating power of real light. Great parts of Spain resemble pictorially the plains and hills of the Maremma more than any other part of Italy. But the view, although as luminous and as coloured as in Italy, is usually less crowded and less excited, except for the active sport of clouds in this stormier region of Spain. Indeed, the country of Velasquez seems the very place in which to study values, in which to discover and to develop impressionism. On the way to Toledo I saw the sierras, just as Velasquez often painted them, of a powerful blue streaked with stretches of snow, and looking out from an agitated sky full of rifted clouds of a dirty white colour. For Spain is by no means always bright and gay, though always atmospheric and profound.

In this country external nature favoured the painter both by landscape and by picturesque figure; but the inner condition of the people scarcely answered the demands of the historian, who makes art flourish only with freedom and public enterprise. Where was the growing commerce, the expanding institutions, or the religious liberty in the shrinking, priest-ridden Spain of the seventeenth century? As Mr Whistler says, the growth of art is sporadic, and to affect the mind of one man it is not necessary to postulate the conflict of nations and all the mighty epoch-making machinery of history. Genius is concocted by the momentary accidental commerce of a man and woman, and fostered by a voyage, a visit, or communion with a half-dozen of friends. Commercial demand may encourage trade

painting, and princely patronage palatial decoration; but who shall say what encourages genius—that compound of original seeing, intellectual courage, and some gift or other of expression?

Is it encouraging to be a portrait painter, to undergo the interested but ignorant criticism of the sitter, to disregard times and seasons, the disposition of the moment and the beckonings of the spirit, and to jump at no obstacle that you cannot clear in your habitual stride? Is it encouraging to live in a sinking country, and be the painter of a bigoted and fantastically ceremonious court? Yet, in spite of such poor encouragement, Velasquez became the boldest and most independent of painters. But is there no qualifying circumstance? May not the picture of this life be a transparency that changes when you hold it up to the light? Many old men, reared in the puritanical and hypocritical Edinburgh of the past, could tell you the private, reactionary effect of that life of repression and humbug upon a decent, genuine man. That you may not think at all, or act for yourself, is to add the very zest of piracy to experiment in life and originality in thought. Where public profession is manifestly a lie, and public manners a formal exaggeration, life becomes a chest with a false bottom, which opens into a refuge for the kindlier, wiser, and more ardent among human beings. As much as Spain, the court, and the priest, asked of man in those days, so much you may be sure did the courageous individual repay himself in the freedom of private life, and in the audacity of private thought. It is, perhaps, this instinct of reaction that causes the word licence to companion the word discipline in any historical account of an army.

Nothing, they say, was more intimate and freer than the private bearing of those nobles of the *ancien régime*, who, nevertheless, stood at arms, so to speak, beneath the eye of the king on any public occasion. Delaunay, I remember, brought out this distinction of manners, when he played the part of Richelieu in Alexandre Dumas's "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle."

To be a king of Spain, to preside at religious executions, to have a wife whom no man, even to save her life, might touch on pain of death, was to be a creature sorely in need of private liberty, and the solace of confidential intercourse. Philip IV. seems to have been naturally kind, genial, and affable, and to have divided his leisure between the hunting-field and Velasquez's studio. The two, artist and king, grew old together, with like interests in horses, dogs, and painting; thawing when alone into that easy familiarity between master and old servant, freezing instantly in public into the stiff positions that their parts in life required. Painter to the king when he was scarce twenty-five years old, Velasquez escaped most of the dangers and humiliations of professional portrait-painting, without losing its useful discipline of the eye, its rigorous test of the ever-present and exacting model.

Though remote from Italy, from its living jealousies, and its overwhelming past, Velasquez was able to copy Italian pictures in the palaces of Spain, while he was permitted by the king's bounty to visit Rome and Venice as a person of some consequence. The situation favoured the growth of a genuinely personal way of looking at the world; and, indeed, no one was more original in his art than Velasquez, and no one less afraid of dispensing with traditional receipts

for truth and beauty. He sought more and more to express the essential quality of his own eyesight, and he grew less and less dependent on hints derived from other people's practice. What he painted therefore concerned him less than how he painted. Like Rembrandt, who never ceased to paint his own portrait, Velasquez studied one model, from youth to age, with unalterable patience and an ever-fresh inspiration. He could look at the king's well-known head with a renewed interest, as he went deeper into the mystery of eyesight, and became better informed as to the effects of real light. His slow transformation of this face, through a hard realism of feature and detail, to the suavity of impressional beauty, seems comparable to that tireless climb of the Greek sculptors, through so many stiffly-studied athletes, to the breadth of Phidias's gods, or the suppleness of the serene Hermes of Praxiteles. Unrelaxing criticism of beauty distinguishes the highest order of artist alone; it comes from that thirst after perfection which kept the Greeks satisfied, artistic, even enthusiastic, whilst polishing for three hundred years the details and proportions of what we should call the same stale old style of architecture. Curious about particular subjects, but incapable of conceiving a general ideal of sight itself, meaner artists sicken at the apparently ordinary, or the apparently stale; and must be cockered up with the pride of lofty titles, and the conceit of novelty of motif, which they mistake for originality of view. On the other hand, those who constantly compare their work, not so much with decorative traditions, as with the beauty they see in reality, keep their senses active, and scent, even in

PHILIP IV. (YOUNG)

the apparently commonplace subject, opportunity for the improvement which makes for perfection.

The details of Velasquez's life, the dates, adventures, and disputed attributions of his pictures, can all be studied in the translation of Carl Justi's book. It is perhaps more amusing to take a turn round the Prado before you have read about Velasquez, before you have heard what picture is doubtful, and when each canvas was painted. One is apt to see too readily in a canvas what one has previously learnt in a book. If one has guessed the dates of pictures, and roughly grouped them into periods, upon no other evidence than the style of the work or the testimony of the subject, one really understands the growth of the painter's powers, and needs the historical document merely to correct trifling errors and to elucidate doubtful points. For this reason I passed two or three days in the galleries at Madrid without any book-knowledge of Velasquez, and without any catalogue. For those who have not much time the plan has its drawbacks. Knowing nothing of the painter's life, they may well overlook matters that have given rise to serious question. It will be well, therefore, to mention one or two significant dates and events in the painter's life, upon the authority of Carl Justi.

CHAPTER II

PERIODS OF HIS LIFE AND WORK

By 1599, the year Velasquez was born, his native place Seville had reached the height of its fortunes, and was about to decline from its renowned position as "the capital of all the merchants in the world." The site was built upon by successive civilisations — Moorish, Gothic, Renaissance; so that Seville was truly both an "essentially Oriental city" and a "very Catholic city." At the end of the sixteenth century, its Catholicism, though paramount, allowed it to be called a "city of pleasure," the home of poetry and "Italian culture"— a town whose Alcazar was named "The School of Love." The great painter's family was not of Sevillian origin; his grandfather, Diego Rodriguez de Silva, came to Seville from Oporto, the home of the Silva family. His name, Velasquez, the painter took from his mother, who belonged to an old family of Sevillian hidalgos. Juan de Silva made no attempt to thwart his son's inclination towards painting, but about 1612 he placed the boy with Francisco de Herrera (1576-1656), an architect as well as a painter of religious pictures, low-life and still-life. Dissatisfied with the rough temper of this master, Velasquez left him after about a year, and passed into the studio of Francisco Pacheco (1571-1654), where he remained for five years.

Pacheco was a careful and severe teacher of drawing as well as a pedant, a scholar, and the author of a work on painting. From his writings we gather much information concerning Velasquez, his friendships with artists, and his connection with great personages.

Pacheco felt so satisfied with the birth, the industry, the talent of his pupil that he chose him for his son-in-law, and, on April 23, 1618, married him to his daughter, Juana de Miranda. Thus the good-will, the friends, the interest of Pacheco were placed henceforth at the service of his son-in-law. Among these friends were most of those who took any account of art and letters in Seville. An opportunity to use their kind offices soon occurred. Philip III. died on March 31, 1621; the young king, Philip IV., dismissed his father's minister, the Duke of Lerma, and gave his confidence to the Count Olivarez, a son of the governor of the Alcazar at Seville. Up to 1615 Olivarez had lived in Seville as a patron of poets and painters; when he became the new king's favourite, some Sevillian men of letters spoke to him of Pacheco's son-in-law. Velasquez went at once to Madrid, but it was not till his second visit in 1623, and only then after some delay, due to the arrival of Charles, Prince of Wales, and Buckingham, that Olivarez managed to get him a sitting for an equestrian portrait of the king. A bust in armour (Prado, 1071) must have been painted at the same time as the now lost equestrian portrait. The likeness pleased, and its author, at twenty-four, received his appointment as Court painter to a king of eighteen. In this position Velasquez found himself associated with the Court painters, Eugenio Caxesi, Carducho, Gonzales, and later on, Nardi. They were not well

disposed towards a new-comer who speedily won the favour of their royal patrons and sitters.

Philip IV. (1605-65) had two brothers — Carlos (1607-32), and the Cardinal Ferdinand (1609-). Of these Carlos was the stoutest, the most lively, and the least funereal in aspect; Ferdinand, with the long face of a shrewd but human Scottish lawyer, the most capable and the most active in affairs, while in sport he was second only to the king, who deserved his reputation as the best rider in Spain. Year by year the royal brothers enjoyed more and more the days spent in private expeditions to the hunting-grounds about the Escurial, Toledo, and Aranjuez. These were informal parties, attended only by kindred spirits of whatever rank. The woods of El Pardo, much nearer the capital, were chosen for such great state functions as the "Boar Hunt," by Velasquez, in the National Gallery. The painter often accompanied the sportsmen, and in the course of his life he made many sketches and pictures of hunting scenes and trophies of the chase, which for the most part are missing.

Isabella de Bourbon (1602-1644), daughter of Henry IV. of France, and first wife of Philip, disliked sitting, and we only know one portrait of her — that on a white horse (Prado, 1067). This picture is not altogether by Velasquez, who only worked on the face, the horse, and the landscape. Isabella was an able, as well as an amiable woman, but Olivarez gave her no chance to influence Philip. The king's temperament subjected him to female influence, and the minister, fearing the counsels of a wise wife, kept him well supplied with mistresses. Philip had three sisters, whom Velasquez painted. Anne of Austria, the eldest,

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Isabella de Bourbon (1602-1644), daughter of Henry IV. of France, and first wife of Philip, disliked sitting, and we only know one portrait of her — that on a white horse (Prado, 1067). This picture is not altogether by Velasquez, who only worked on the face, the horse, and the landscape. Isabella was an able, as well as an amiable woman, but Olivarez gave her no chance to influence Philip. The king's temperament subjected him to female influence, and the minister, fearing the counsels of a wise wife, kept him well supplied with mistresses. Philip had three sisters, whom Velasquez painted. Anne of Austria, the eldest,

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was the wife of Louis XIII. of France, and the beloved of Buckingham; Mary, who married Ferdinand of Hungary in 1629, had been much admired by Buckingham at the time of her betrothal to the Prince of Wales in 1623. Margaret, a nun in the order of Barefooted Carmelites, was painted by Rubens during his visit to Philip.

From the beginning, Philip treated Velasquez in the most friendly manner — coming, says Pacheco, to the studio "almost every day," by those secret passages hung with pictures, which led from the king's rooms to every part of the old Alcazar. The monotony of this life was broken in the autumn of 1628 by the arrival of Rubens (1577-1640), who for nine months was constantly with the king and Velasquez. At his earlier visit to Spain, in 1603, Rubens saw little of Spanish artists, and complained of their idleness, ignorance, and incompetency. According to Pacheco and others, he thought highly of Velasquez, and delighted in his society, while his view of the king appears in a letter to Peiresc: "He evidently takes quite a special pleasure in painting, and, in my opinion, this prince is endowed with the finest qualities. I already know him from personal intercourse, as I have a room in the palace, so that he almost daily visits me."

Rubens worked hard during his stay in Spain, painting portraits and copying all the king's Titians. Of course Velasquez saw him at work, as it is on his authority that Pachecho gives a detailed list of all that Rubens did. Velasquez, moreover, accompanied Rubens to the Escurial, where they climbed the sierras and sketched bird's-eye views of the palace.

It was after his nine months' friendship with Rubens, and, perhaps, owing to the influence of the Flemish painter upon the king, that Velasquez was permitted to undertake his first Italian voyage in the train of Spinola, the conqueror of Breda. This great soldier and statesman was going out as governor of Milan and commander-in-chief in Italy. The expedition left Barcelona on the 10th August 1629. From Milan, Velasquez went to Venice, where, according to Palomino, painter to Philip V., he chiefly enjoyed the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. We know, from other sources, that Velasquez preferred Tintoretto before any painter; indeed, we might guess this taste from his own pictures, even if we had not the criticisms of Francisco de los Santos on Tintoretto's work in the Escurial—criticisms which were inspired by Velasquez, if not entirely borrowed from the *Memoria* or catalogue drawn up by Philip's painter when he arranged the gallery. Velasquez avoided Florence, and went straight to Rome; he copied for some time in the Vatican, and he spent two months at the Villa Medici, which he was obliged to leave on account of a tertian ague. From Rome he passed on to Naples, where he saw, and apparently liked, his countryman, Ribera. In the early part of 1631 he returned to Spain, bringing with him a portrait of the king's sister, Mary of Hungary, which he had painted in Naples, also two figure-subjects, "The Forge of Vulcan" and "Joseph's Coat."

This journey to Italy ends the first part of the painter's life. The long second period, which began on his return, was closed by another visit to Italy in the year 1649. Justi says that the first half of

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this period was "probably the happiest experienced both by Philip and Velasquez." Still, it is true that in 1632 Don Carlos died, and Philip lost his younger brother, the Cardinal Ferdinand, who left Spain to undertake the government of Flanders. Here the cardinal acted with his usual activity as his brother's agent, not only in politics but in picture-buying. He made use of Rubens and his pupils to paint or to procure the numerous canvases which Philip required. The new palace, Buen Retiro, on the heights above the Prado, had been presented to the king by Olivarez. This must be decorated, and, later on, the Escurial and the Torre de la Parada—a hunting-lodge in the woods near El Pardo. To this work the Court painters now set themselves, with Velasquez at their head. For this end he produced his "Surrender of Breda," and his large equestrian portraits; and for this end Caxesi, following the lead of Velasquez, painted "The Repulse of the English at Cadiz" (Prado, 697). Velasquez was now the unquestioned head of the Spanish painters. He had already beaten them all in a competition on the subject of "The Expulsion of the Moriscoes by Philip III."

The painter was now introduced to a new sitter, the king's little son, Balthasar-Carlos, who was born in 1629, the same year as the illegitimate Don Juan of Austria. In 1638 the Royal Family was further increased by the birth of a daughter, Maria Teresa. Then troubles came thicker upon the court. After a career of mismanagement, Olivarez was disgraced in 1643, and the Queen Isabella, who had regained her influence over the king, died in 1644. In 1643 those invincible lances of Spain, which figure in "the sur-

render of Breda," were utterly crumpled up by the great Condé at Rocroi. After the fall of Olivarez, Philip exerted himself and went in person to the perpetual war which the French fomented in Catalonia. In 1644 Velasquez accompanied him, and executed, at Fraga, on the borders of Aragon and Catalonia, the most coloured of his portraits of the king. Opinions differ as to whether the Dulwich picture may be the original or a copy of this work. The heaviest blow of all now fell upon Philip; his promising son, Balthasar, caught a cold at Saragossa, and died in 1646.

During this middle period, various people of note visited Madrid, and were painted by Velasquez; amongst others, in 1638, Madame de Chevreuse, first the friend and then the enemy of Anne of Austria. Her visit was immediately followed by that of the Duke of Modena, a great hunter, much beloved by Philip. But the favours of a friend and a sovereign whose power was declining could not long keep the astute Duke from a French alliance.

During 1634 Velasquez married his daughter Francisca to his pupil, J. B. del Mazo. About 1641-2, his still more illustrious pupil, Murillo (1618-82), came from Seville, and spent two years under the guidance of the master, who completely altered his views, and turned him for a time to the serious study of nature. Velasquez also renewed his friendship with certain fellow-artists who were employed by the king about this time. Alonzo Cano, Herrera, Zurbaran, the sculptor, Martinez Montañéz, his old Sevillian friends, were probably called to the capital on the suggestion of the Court painter. Velasquez painted Montañéz

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in 1636; Cano, probably, before his conviction for the supposed murder of his wife; and the satirist, Quevedo, certainly before his imprisonment in 1639.

Velasquez left Malaga for Italy on 2nd January 1649, landed at Genoa, pushed rapidly through Milan, only stopping to look again at Leonardo's "Last Supper," and made for Venice, to buy pictures for Philip. At Venice he made the acquaintance of the poet, Boschini, who tells us that, although not very lucky in his search for pictures, Velasquez, to his delight, secured a finished sketch by Tintoretto for the great picture still in the Ducal Palace. At Naples, Velasquez revisited Ribera, whom he found much affected by the elopement of his daughter with Don Juan of Austria, who had seduced her when he was sent by Philip to quell the revolt of Masaniello. In Rome, Velasquez met many artists of note, Salvator Rosa, Bernini, Algardi, Nicolas Poussin, amongst the number. He had the honour of painting Innocent X. in his robes, a task which he did not undertake till he had practised on a portrait of his studio-fag—the Moor Juan de Pareja—himself a painter. These two portraits may be said to stand between the second and third manners.

In the summer of 1651 Velasquez was again at Madrid. He became more than ever necessary to the king, and honours fell thick upon him during this final period of his life and art. He was made Marshal of the Palace, an office of considerable honour, and, at times, of no little trouble. He had to arrange the royal journeys, court festivities, and tournaments. As Philip, in 1649, had married a second wife—his own

niece, Mariana of Austria, a girl of fourteen—the court was more lively than when Velasquez left it, and he had a good deal to do with painting, festivity, and the arrangement and decoration of the various palaces. By his second wife, Philip had the Princess Margaret, born 1651, the centre figure of "Las Meninas"; Philip Prosper (1657-60); Ferdinand Thomas (1658-60); and his successor, Carlos II. (1661-1700), the last of the house.

In 1659 Cardinal Mazarin brought about a marriage between Maria Teresa and his young master, Louis XIV. of France. The marriage took place on June 7th, the two courts meeting at the Isle of Pheasants, in the river which marks the frontier between France and Spain. The tedious journey, the imposing ceremonies, threw a great deal of work on the shoulders of the Court-Marshal, and, a few weeks after his return to the capital, Velasquez died, on the 6th August 1660.

In his latest pictures Velasquez seems to owe as little as any man may to the example of earlier painters. But, indeed, from the beginning he was a realist, and one whose ideal of art was to use his own eyes. His early pictures cannot be attached surely to any school; they are of doubtful parentage, though, with some truth, one might affiliate them to Caravaggio and the Italian naturalists. From the first, he shows sensitiveness to form, and a taste for solid and direct painting. He quickly learnt to model with surprising justness, but for a long time he continued to treat a head in a group as he would if he saw it alone. Only slowly he learnt to take the impression of a whole scene as the true motif of a picture. In his early

work he faithfully observed the relations between bits of his subject, but not always the relation of each bit to the whole. If we compare the realistic work of the young Velasquez with the pictures of the great Venetians, we shall find it lacking their comfortable unity of aspect. That aspect may have been more remote in its relation to nature, but it was certainly ampler and more decoratively beautiful. Up to the age of thirty, indeed, Velasquez seemed content to mature quietly his powers of execution, without seeking to alter his style, or to improve the quality of his realism. Had he died during his first visit to Rome, it might have been supposed, without absurdity, that he had said his last word, and that, young as he was, he had lived to see his art fully ripened. It would be difficult, indeed, to do anything finer, with piecemeal realism for an ideal, than the later works of this first period. Pictures of the pre-Italian epoch are "The Water Carrier" (Apsley House), "The Adoration of the Magi" (Prado, 1054), "The Shepherds" (National Gallery), "Bust of Philip in Armour" (Prado, 1071), full-length, "Philip in Black" (Prado, 1070), "Philip" (young, National Gallery), and "The Topers" (Prado, 1058). "The Forge of Vulcan" (Prado, 1059) was painted at Rome on the visit which initiated the second manner.

The conversation and example of Rubens, the study of Italian galleries, as well as the practice of palatial decoration at Buen Retiro, gave a decorative character to the art of Velasquez in the second period. One tastes a flavour of Venetian art in the subject-pictures, and one remarks something bold, summary, and less intimate than usual, about the portraiture of this

time. As examples we may take "The Surrender of Breda" (Prado, 1060), "The Boar Hunt" (National Gallery), "The Crucifixion" (Prado, 1055), "Christ at the Pillar" (National Gallery), "Prince Ferdinand," with dog, gun, and landscape background (Prado, 1075), "The King as a Sportsman" (Prado, 1074), "Don Balthasar and Dogs" (Prado, 1076), the large equestrian "Philip IV." (Prado, 1066), the equestrian "Don Balthasar" (Prado, 1068), the equestrian "Olivares" (Prado, 1069), "The Sculptor Montañéz" (Prado, 1091), "The Admiral Pulido" (National Gallery), various landscapes, and a few studies such as "The Riding School" (Apsley House) and its variations. During these twenty years, if ever, Velasquez relaxed his effort at naturalism,—not that he slackened his grip upon form, but that he seems to have accepted in Italy the necessity for professional picture-making. His colours became a shade more positive or less bathed in light, and his unity to some extent an adopted decorative convention.

Upon his return from the second voyage, as if he had satisfied himself that Venetian art could not wholly render his manner of seeing, and that, at any rate, he had pushed it, in "The Surrender of Breda," as far as it could go, he comes about once more and seeks for dignity and unity in the report of his own eyes. In fact, he adds the charm that we call impressionism to such work of the third period as "Innocent the Tenth," done in Rome, "Queen Mariana" (Prado, 1078), "Las Meninas" (Prado, 1062), "Las Hilanderas" (Prado, 1061), "Æsop" (Prado, 1100), "Moenippus" (Prado, 1101), the so-called "Maria Teresa" (Prado, 1084), "Philip IV." (Prado, 1080),

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

"Philip IV. Old" (National Gallery), and some of the Dwarfs and Imbeciles in the Prado.

Some sojourn in the deadly capital of Spain is necessary if one would know the variety of Velasquez, and learn how often he forestalled the discoveries of recent schools of painting. Various stages of his growth, as shown in the Prado, remind us of various stages in the progress of modern naturalism. Sudden gusts of his fancy for some type or some quality in nature ally this or that canvas by Velasquez with the work of a man or a movement in our century. The names of Regnault, Manet, Carolus-Duran, Henner, Whistler, and Sargent, rise to one's lips at every turn in the Prado; one thinks, but less inevitably, of Corot, when one sees the landscape of Velasquez. His early work recalls John Philip and Wilkie, while the girl in "Las Hilanderas" should be the very ideal of art to the Pinwell, Walker, and Macbeth school. Except the "Venus" belonging to Mr R. Morritt of Rokeby Hall, the Prado lacks no picture essential to the full understanding of the painter's art. No other collection can give a just conception of the great works in Madrid. To see only the National Gallery, the Louvre, and the various private collections in England, leaves one without an adequate idea of the equestrian portraits, "Philip IV." (1066), "Olivares" (1069), and "Don Balthasar" (1068); "The Surrender of Breda" (1060), "The Sculptor Martinez Montañéz" (1091), "Moenippus" (1101), "Æsop" (1100), the "Maria Teresa" (1084), "Las Meninas" (1062), "Las Hilanderas" (1061), and the series of Dwarfs and Imbeciles.

These pictures have changed very little; but, as

with all old pigment, a good light is necessary to show the subtlety of the values and the expressive character of the subdued or suggested detail. Fortunately the light is excellent in the two chief galleries of the Prado, which contain the principal pictures. The first, a long room, wider than the long gallery of the Louvre, is covered with a barrel-ceiling. About half-way down on the left, a door opens into the other room, a large, well-lit octagon. Several large side-lit rooms with dark corners, try the eyes, and baffle efforts at comparison; fortunately, however, they contain for the most part inferior pictures, the works of predecessors of Velasquez, and a few early canvases by the Master himself.

CHAPTER III

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE THREE STAGES OF HIS ART

TRUSTING to report, and to the evidence of reproductions, I expected to find "The Surrender of Breda" (1060) the finest Velasquez in the Prado. So I might have thought, if the painter's natural gift had been less explicitly set forth, if he had never lived to paint "Las Meninas," "The Spinners," "Æsop," "Moenippus," and "Maria Teresa" (1084, Prado). To some minds it is easier, and it is always quicker, to excel on the lines of older decorative conventions, than to start a new one on the expression of a personal view of beauty. From his early standpoint of the realistic painter, Velasquez first mounted to the position of great artist by excelling in the traditional cult of beauty; and it was only towards the end of his life that he divined a new art in the practice of personal impressionism. "The Surrender of Breda" challenges the greatest masters on their own ground; it is unworthy neither of them nor of Velasquez, but for that very reason it is not the complete expression of the Velasquez eyesight. It was painted when he was scarce forty, and as an ornamental panel intended to co-operate with other historical works in the decoration of the *Salon de los Reinos* of the

Buen Retiro. Decoration hardly demands or permits of quick evolution or sudden novelty, and though the irrepressible originality of the man still appears, it is evident that Velasquez wisely attempted to follow the lead of his favourite Venetian masters in the execution of this task. And certainly he has succeeded, for the picture might be hung in the Ducal Palace at Venice. But to realise such an ambition was by-play, and not the work of Velasquez's life.

If you would compare a realism, ennobled though somewhat chastened by grand decorative treatment, with a realism not only exalted but intensified by the artistic principles of impressionism, you have a fine opportunity at the Prado. When you enter the long gallery from the street, walk down it some way; on the right, before you reach the Octagon Room, you will see "The Surrender of Breda," and facing it "Las Meninas," a work of the painter's later life. "The Surrender of Breda" you may admire according to your nature; you may even consider it the better picture, but by no means, as is "Las Meninas," an absolutely unique thing in the history of art.

As one views from a central standpoint the start and finish of a race, so, from "The Surrender of Breda," the masterpiece of his middle life, you may look backwards and forwards, upon the early and upon the late Velasquez. It will not be forgotten that "The Surrender of Breda" was painted between the two voyages to Italy. As might be expected, it agrees in many points with other canvases painted during that period in which Velasquez was so much

occupied with palatial decoration. By its size, by its freedom of touch, by the variety and warmth of its colours, by the complexity of its pattern, by its dark foreground browns, by the quality of its blue distances, it is allied to the large equestrian portraits, the hunting scenes and hunting portraits of this period. Nor in its vigour of brushing, and its force of positive colour, is it altogether unlike the "Admiral Pulido" of our National Gallery and "The Sculptor Montañés" of the Prado (1091). The Admiral indeed is so unlike any portrait by Velasquez that some have doubted its authenticity, but it is very like the figures in "The Surrender of Breda."

It is difficult to conceive that this great subject could be treated less conventionally without some loss of interest and dignity. No more than Veronese or Rubens, could Velasquez combine decorative splendour and historical clearness with the subtle mysteries of real tone and the impressionistic unity that lift truth into poetry. In other words, this kind of subject was unfitted to bring out the more original and characteristic qualities of Velasquez's genius. Subjects, however grand in title and dignified in historical association, are valuable to the painter in proportion as they give him a pretext for making the most of what is beautiful in his own art. No subject in itself can make or mar art; subject is indifferent except for its favourable or unfavourable effect on the artist. Even the record of a seen thing produces a noble or ignoble effect according as it records a grand or a trivial manner of using the eyesight, according as it shows a mean anxiety about details, petty circumstance and wiry

pattern, or reveals sympathy with large shapes, subtle nuancing, or lovely qualities of paint. Let a bad painter call a figure by the name of what God he will, and carefully accompany it with sacred symbols, yet, if the forms are poor or ill-disposed, the figure remains a mean one, and less grand than the study of some street porter that is fuller of the mystery of fine seeing and the emotions of a higher view of form. Remember, too, that what we call subject in painting imports still less than what we call subject in literature. This figure of the God and that of the street porter differ in title rather than in subject, for after all, the same model or true pictorial subject may have sat for both, and it is surely the grandeur of treatment, not the mere addition of symbols, accessories, and titles, that should make an essential difference between the two works.

It was perhaps, then, rather the purpose than the subject of "The Surrender of Breda" which modified the art of Velasquez, and made it akin to the work of a Venetian. The canvas was to serve as a decorative panel, a thing to be looked at as one looks at a piece of tapestry; hence, doubtless, its decorative flatness, its variety of colours, its blue foundation, its brown foreground, and its block-like pattern of huge chunks of black and white and orange. It was scarcely the business of Velasquez to compact this broad but arbitrary illustration, explanatory of crowds and costumes in a given situation, to adjust all this coloured accessory, to plant this hedge of pikes and lances against the distant landscape, to engineer the foreground so that the legs and their enclosed spaces might appear neither too distracting nor too utterly

unlike the truth, to give some sense of space and distance but to give it gingerly, so as to bridge the great gulf between the main group and its background.

Yet how admirably it is done. Compare its stately figures with the coarse, dumpy men in "The Repulse of the English at Cadiz," by Eugenio Caxesi. Caxesi follows his colleague Velasquez in his idea of colour, and in his view of the contending claims of open-air effect, decorative unity and historical fulness. But his reliefs are hard and even, his blocks of colour unfused, his drawing clumsy, and his whole picture duller, more spotty, and less arranged than "The Surrender of Breda." In colouring, in suavity of effect, that great Velasquez compares with any Titian. Its principal figures stand with as noble a bearing as any in painting. Spinola and Justin meet each other with gestures so poignant in expression, that they almost compel the nerves to involuntary imitation. Something of this dramatic aptness of gesture enlivens the series of large decorative panels which Rubens painted for the Luxembourg Palace. But the figures in the "Reception of Marie de Medicis" abound in courtliness and pomp, while the conqueror and the conquered of Breda, with a more human though a decently ceremonious stateliness, act out two of the most trying circumstances of life. The figures form the knot of an admirable composition, but this central interest is rather prepared by studied artifice than made important by the effect of a focussed impression. Hence one is able to look at "The Surrender of Breda" and imagine the centre cut out, and yet the chief sentiments of the picture preserved. The dignity of the two figures would be

scarcely impaired by the omission of surroundings which, however well put in, yet exist for the purposes of illustrative and decorative arrangement.

Turn now to "Las Meninas," on the opposite wall. What a rounded vision swims in upon your eye, and occupies all the nervous force of the brain, all the effort of sight upon a single complete visual impression. One may look long before it crosses one's mind to think of any colour scheme, of tints arbitrarily contrasted or harmonised, of masses balanced, of lines opposed or cunningly interwoven, of any of the tricks of the *métier*, however high and masterlike. The art of this thing,—for it is full of art,—is done for the first time, and so neither formal nor traditional. The admiration this picture raises is akin to the excitement caused by natural beauty; thought is suspended by something alike yet different from the enchantment of reality. This is not the reality obtained by the pre-Raphaelite exploration of nature, which builds up a scene bit by bit, like the map of a new continent. The pre-Raphaelite painter realises the result of his separate observations no more than a geographer engaged on the survey of an unknown coast. He will not conceive of his picture as a big pattern which produces detail; he compiles a great many separate details, and accepts, though he has not designed, the ensemble which they happen to produce. Now the ensemble of "Las Meninas" has been perceived in some high mood of impressionability, and has been imaginatively kept in view during the course of after-study. The realism of this picture is a revelation of the way the race has felt a scene of the kind during thousands of years. The unconscious habit of the

eye, in estimating the relative importance of colours, forms, definitions, masses, sparkles, is revealed to us by the unequalled sensitiveness of this man's eyesight.

From our present point of view "The Topers" is even less real than "The Surrender of Breda." It belongs to a lower order of generalisation. The mind that conceived it failed to grasp it except by successive acts of imagination. Its parts obey a purely formal instead of an impressional unity. The composition was, of course, designed to make a single pattern as to lines and masses, but the scene, with its modelling, colouring, atmosphere, and definitions, was never beheld as a whole vision in the mind's eye. Velasquez rose, I think, in "The Surrender of Breda," to a higher art than he had dreamed of before he went to Italy. He reached at least a decorative unity, though doubtless in so doing he sacrificed the poignancy of "The Topers," which is due to a succession of climaxes. Each head is as strong as the best pair of eyes in the world could make it. If you can call it the highest art to take a number of powerfully-studied heads and sew them together to make a group, then "The Topers" is as fine a picture as you want. But the unity of a work of art should be organic and pervasive, like the blood in a man's veins, which is carried down to his very toes.

As an art grows, everything that enters it becomes absorbed more and more into its constitution, and becomes a feature in a living organic unity. With the growth of music, composers felt the need of a more logical principle of unity, than a mere succession of separate phrases and climaxes; and as painting developed, painters began to comprehend other and

more vital means of picture-making than the use of compelling lines and a formal composition. They had learnt that strong points in a picture kill each other, and that force in art is an affair of relation. They were to learn that there is a realistic as well as a decorative meaning in different breadths of treatment. The relative space and finish which a nose might arrogate to itself in a single head, must suffice for a whole face in a figure group, if due proportion and a reasonable width of view are to be preserved. A canvas should express a human outlook upon the world, and so it should represent an area possible to the attention; that is, it should subtend an angle of vision confined to certain natural limits of expansion. Now, to group two or more studies of figures in order to fill a larger canvas, either commits the painter to a wider angle of vision, and consequently a more distributed attention, or else it compels him to paint his group as if it were removed from him far enough to subtend only the same angle as the single figure of one of his previous studies. Let him choose either alternative, and either way a difference of treatment is forced upon him. This is a point which demands serious study on the realistic grounds of perspective, modelling, colour, and definition; but for the present it is sufficient to settle it upon the merely decorative ground of complexity of pattern. If a certain proportion of cutting up recommends itself as beautiful and effective in any one sketch or study, then unquestionably a compilation of such studies must be a false method of composing a large canvas. The large canvas should not express a larger angle of sight than the small one. In a word, the cutting up of a canvas bears a ratio to the size of

the canvas, and not to the square foot of space. So that you may enlarge a one-foot sketch, but you may not compile nine one-foot studies to make a three-foot picture. Whether you compile actual separate sketches on one canvas, or merely paint parts of that canvas under different impressions, the fault is the same.

If there is anything in this unity of impression, "The Topers" is not the best picture in the world. We may point to its prevailing tone of chocolate, and its hard, staring, too equal force of definition, both faults the result of compiled observations. Certainly, each head is a marvel of handling, of modelling, of character, but has this handling or this modelling any beautiful dependence on a great impression, or, as in "Las Meninas," any relation to the whole view embraced by the eye? On the contrary, one of those family arrangements in which several heads are separated by beadings, almost equally deserves the name of a picture. A Dutch portrait group, at any rate, claims quite an equal rank in the hierarchy of art. Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson," Hals's and Van der Helst's figure groups, are on the same plane of realism, although some of them may be less powerfully executed than "The Topers."

Only a large mind takes a large view of a subject, and not without effort, too, whether the matter in question concerns art, philosophy, or practical life. For instance, the ordinary amateur of music likes short phrasing and a jerky emphasis, which makes the most of every accent, while the ordinary connoisseur comprehends and relishes the cheaper realism of the Dutch masters, but cannot easily grasp the broader truths of Velasquez. Small facts, shown by hard detail and

strong, frequent contrast, are more easily perceived than the action of a principle which governs a whole scene. To many the finesse of Velasquez seems weakness, his atmosphere poor colour, his sense of natural arrangement, bad composition. These admirers of the Dutch realists would doubly admire Velasquez, if they could learn to see that he was not only cleverer but more sincere than Terburg, Metzu, Gerard Dow, Nicolas Maas, or Van Ostade. These connoisseurs may not question the beauty of reality or the dignity of technique, but the first they assimilate only in little pieces, while they perceive only the immediate issues of the second. Quite another objector to Velasquez is the man who says, "What greatness is there in portraiture, and in the painting of common life, what can there be beyond 'mere technique'?" For the moment we may bid him look again at the exquisite human feeling of "Las Meninas." Could the gracious attitudes of these bending maids, the calm born pride of the Infanta, the solemn gravity of the environment, speak more eloquently to us if this were an Adoration of somebody by an early and religious Italian? No, truly; but the mind of the literary objector, which will not obey the suggestion of paint, would then find itself, under the more familiar impulsion of words, running in an accustomed rut. Indeed, there is nothing lost in "Las Meninas" of the natural forms, profound expression, and beautiful human sentiment of the Italian pre-Raphaelites, while everything is gained in the way of a natural mystery of light, a true impressional unity of aspect, and a splendid perfection of technical resources. Nothing that art has ever won is wanting here unless it be composition by line, the charm of

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the nude figure, and the rhythmic swirl of Raphael's drawing. No great man is separable from his technique, and the difference between two great men lies largely in a difference of technique, for technique is truly the language of the eye. So that it may not be amiss now to speak of the technique of Velasquez—that is to say, of his composition, modelling, colour, and handling. We have already compared three of his pictures, "The Topers," a work of youth; "The Surrender of Breda," a work of middle age; and "Las Meninas," painted near the end of his life. In examining the technique of Velasquez we shall refer to these works, and shall describe others as occasion may arise.

CHAPTER IV

THE DIGNITY OF TECHNIQUE

IT is not the lover of pictures, but the devotee of his own spiritual emotions who needs to be told that technique is art; that it is as inseparable from art as features from facial expression, as body from soul in a world where force and matter seem inextricably entangled. In fact, the man who has no interest in technical questions has no interest in art; he loves it as those love you who profess only love for your soul. The concert-goers who disclaim any technical interest in music will be found to like a performance because they forget it in trains of thought about scenery, morals, or poetry. But one may walk on the hills to become healthy or to escape crowds, and yet deserve no suspicion of a fondness for beauty. Under a mistaken conception of culture as the key of all the arts and sciences, intellectual people too often feel obliged to pretend an interest in arts for which they have no natural inclination. They insufficiently distinguish men born to take pleasure in the abstract and speculative from those born to love the concrete and sensuous—the black-and-white from the coloured mind. They cannot believe that the least taught ploughman whose senses are in tune with the pulse of nature may make a better artist than the man of

loftiest thought who is encased in nerves insensitive to the quality of musical intervals or the character of shapes and colours. The man of abstract mind apprehends great ideas presented in the abstract medium of literature, but in the concrete of painting he is easily deceived by associations with words into spending his admiration on mean forms, on foolish labour, on purposeless colour. He looks at the merest pretence of modelling, at the coarsest sham of colouring, at the contradiction of the whole by the part, at the burial of beauty in niggling, and his dull eyes accept the imposture on the recommendation of his humbugged hearing.

The "apostles of culture" grant but one gift—intellect — to many-sided man, and accord but one faculty of imagination to the dweller in a house whose various windows look down five separate avenues of sense. Often some of these windows are blocked, and so many men must misunderstand each other's reports of the external world, but the man of culture too often keeps no window clean, and from a dark chamber of the mind would explain to everyone else the true inner meaning of what they see. It is this prophet that despises technique because technique differs as the material of each art differs—differs as marble, pigments, musical notes and words differ. He hates matter; because owing to matter the imagination in each art is a gift whose absence cannot be compensated for either by one of the other imaginations or by the abstract intellect itself. Imagination in words is not imagination in colour or form, as the cases of Turner and Goethe amply prove. Without matter there is no art; without matter there is no

stuff in which imagination may create an image. Sentiment is not imagination; spirituality is not artistic feeling. We all cry, laugh, and put on airs; we do not all imagine occasions and fashions of crying, laughing, and striking attitudes. We feel the excitement of a street fight, yet we cannot all come home and image that excitement as Dinet did in "Une Bagarre," with its tempestuous pattern of uplifted hands and swaying bodies quivering in an uncertain flicker of shadows and windy lamplight. It is a sensitiveness to the special qualities of some visible or audible medium of art which distinguishes the species artist from the genus man. We are all spirits; it is not in spirituality that the painter differs from us, but in that sensitive perception of visible character which enables him to imagine a picture all of a piece, all tending to express the same sentiment, all instinct and alive with feeling. Moreover, any difference that may exist between the material bases of the arts, exacts a corresponding difference between the qualities of temperament and imagination in the artists who practise them, also between the aims that are legitimate to the various arts, and between the feelings and laws by which works are to be judged and admired. Arts such as painting and sculpture, that appeal to the eye and display their contents simultaneously, differ vastly from those that unfold their matter to the ear in sequence. Painting and sculpture differ between themselves more slightly, and there is still less difference between pictures, whether realistic or decorative in aim, whether worked in oil or water, tint or line, monochrome or colour.

PHILIP IV. AS A SPORTSMAN

An art of space scarcely differs more from an art of time than one used purely from one mixed with representation of life, with utility or with symbolism. There is only one quite pure art—namely, symphonic music. Every shade of the complicated emotion in a symphony by Beethoven depends entirely upon technique—that is to say, upon the relations established amongst notes which are by themselves empty of all significance. The materials of other arts are more or less embarrassed in application by some enforced dependence on life. Words, since they serve as fixed counters or symbols, cannot be wholly wrenched from a determined meaning and suggestion; architecture satisfies a need of common life as well as an æsthetic craving, and painting not only weaves a purely decorative pattern, but also pretends to imitate the appearance of the world. None of these arts tranquilly pursue the beauties intrinsic to their medium; none circle in their orbit undisturbed; all upon examination appear to be, as it were, double stars, linked like Algol to a dark companion.

I might sum these statements in one or two principles. *First*, Art is not Life; for life is first-hand passionate emotion, while art deals with emotion second-hand, retrospective and disinterested. Life is variable, and a mixture of all materials—space, time, sound, colour, form, etc.; art is limited, partially controllable by the artist, and comparatively permanent. *Second*, Sentiment is not Imagination; for sentiment precedes art, and is common to all men, while imagination is a special power to arrange the material of some art in harmony with a mood. *Third*, There are as many separate faculties of imagination as there are

separate mediums in which to conceive an image—clay, words, paint, notes of music. *Fourth*, The materials of the arts may be used with a double aim, or solely for their own direct and immediate qualities —as notes and intervals in music, which derive their character solely from the relations in which the artist chooses to place them; they have no fixed meaning, and a dominant and a tonic are interchangeable.

Our faith in any art reposes, however, upon the belief that its material, even if unavoidably adulterated with foreign significations, is nevertheless as capable as the sounds of music of expressing character in virtue of artistic arrangement. Otherwise, no medium of expression but the symphony should deserve the name of art. Now, as paint serves both to record impressions of the external world and to decorate a given space and shape, an artist, however partial to either, must give some measure of attention to each of these aims. He must study how the eye takes in nature, and how it takes pleasure in a canvas; and he must learn to reconcile these two ways of seeing when they disagree, as they sometimes may. When you look at nature, nothing remains absolutely fixed in appearance. Size, colour, pattern, and proportion seem to fluctuate as you change your point of view, move your focus, widen or narrow your angle of vision. No object seems big but by relation to a smaller, no mass simple except when viewed as a whole in contrast to another, and no tone so bright that a brighter cannot make it dark. But when you see forms and colours set in the one plane of a picture, confined to its scale of pigment, and permanently bounded in size, proportion, and place by its four obstinate sides, then

you see them fixed in unalterable relations, and always bound to express one and the same point of view. The laws by which one pictures an effect on the flat consequently differ from those that regulate ordinary sight. Many collocations of form or colour that please in a sunlit space of three dimensions with fluctuating borders become intensely disagreeable in a flat, framed panel. When he leaves nature for art, a man leaves bright boundless space where he has no dominion for a dark cloistered place where he is master—master of a medium susceptible of arrangement by harmony, contrast, and gradation; master to make his material speak in character, follow a vein of sentiment, express a mood of seeing. But he must learn to obey what, for want of a better word, one may call the laws of decorative effect.

Plainly, then, there are two interests to be reconciled in a picture, the facts and impressions of nature on one hand, and, on the other, the beauties and exigencies of the framed pictorial world. A *modus vivendi* must be established between the imitative and the decorative, and the compact between these two may be called the convention of the art of painting. To object to the conventionality of art is to believe in absolute realism, which, if possible, would be a science and not an art. As things are, when you merely draw a line on an empty canvas you commit yourself to art, for you have given the line a positive character by placing it in some relation to the four sides of the canvas. To show a line quite unconditioned or uncomposed, one would require a canvas without limits—that is to say, nature. Convention, then, there must be, but it need not be rigid; it may vary

with the impressions of artists, with the facts of nature, and with the characters of the mediums employed. The introduction of perspective, for instance, was a notable change in the convention of painting, since it implied a limitation in the use of our general knowledge of an object to what can be seen from one point of view. Different readings of the convention by men of genius give rise to various styles of painting, and successively attach a varying importance to the elements of technique as they deal with ideal form or real form, local colour or atmospheric, detail or general aspect.

This description of technique, compressed as it is of necessity, is intended for those who hate "mere technique" and despise "matter." Matter does not level man with the beast or the stone; technique is not hateful, but only the point of view it expresses. There is a silly, unimpassioned mind which looks on nature without choice between things, which seems choked with trifles, which possesses no touchstone in its emotions wherewith to distinguish the important from the foolish. There may be such a thing as mere technique, but it is not what the vituperator of realism would have it. In words, it is nonsense verses; in paint, mere decorative consistency, without the meaning or emotion of truth to nature.

Technique in painting, then, must be understood as the method of using any medium of expression so as to bring out the character of a decorative pattern, or to convey the sentiment with which you regard some appearances of the external world. The two aims become one when the decorative pattern to be enforced is suggested by the mood in which you happen

THE ADMIRAL
ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA

to look at your motif. If this be granted, then technique is as important to an art as the body to man. Both of them appear and act for two hidden questionable partners, sentiment and soul. Through them these silent invisible partners can speak with the outer world and influence the minds of men. When we would infer the soul of another man or the sentiment of a picture, we may do so only through the material senses and their analogies.

Technique, then, is the indivisible organic body of a man's conceptions, and cannot be rightly apprehended when studied in fragments. Yet, since the exigency of words forces us to present things in sequence, we must separate these living parts, and, as it were, dissect them dead. This necessity we will face, and will look separately at the qualities of Velasquez's technique—such as composition, colour, modelling, and brushwork.

CHAPTER V

THE COMPOSITION OF VELASQUEZ

WHEN he composed a picture Velasquez no longer relied altogether upon the arrangement by line or by colour blocks of the older masters; and when he drew anything it was not according to rule of thumb, canon of proportion, or even according to the later acquired knowledge of anatomy. He drew, as modern painters draw, almost entirely by eye, so that one thing was not more difficult to him to see rightly than another, and no receipts for representing thumbs, nails, curls, or other whole objects can be detected in his work. He wished any scene that he looked at in nature to be so treated in art as to express the quality and the distribution of the attention it had received from him in real life. Only thus could he hope to record the personal impressions which were his chief interest in the world. For this reason he did not look upon himself so much as an embroiderer of given spaces as a trimmer of spaces to fit given impressions. Perhaps the two ideas are comparable to the European and Japanese notions of dressing. Hence Velasquez when he painted nature held to no superstition concerning the accepted places for strong points in a canvas. Here was a scene which had imposed on him a certain impression of its character, and this

view he felt bound to express by a shape of canvas that would compose the scene as he had felt it. If, for instance, the emotion of the scene had come from distributing the attention over a vertical direction, he must have an upright canvas, even in a figure group like "Las Meninas." This was because to render the group as it had struck him it was necessary to surround it with a certain sense of aerial gloomy space, comparatively empty of incident, but not of tone.

That same intention is manifested in Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus" in the Louvre. The towering canopy of the darkened vaults which overhangs the dimly-lit flickering table and the wavering figures completes the impressional unity of the composition and heightens the solemnity of the sentiment. I have often looked at "The Marriage at Cana in Galilee," by Veronese, in the Louvre, but could never feel that the big space above the figures was connected with them in any but the most formal manner. These pillared galleries of marble, opening to the blue sky, although they are incidents in the composition of the "Marriage at Cana," scarcely seem to effect the mood in which the artist regards his figure group. They add no meaning to the general aspect of the group, they cause no exaltation or depression of sentiment, they affect the breadth of treatment not one whit, they operate in no way upon the value of colours or the comparative strength of definition. Therefore they are a mere literary or explanatory note telling us that the scene took place in certain surroundings, but not affecting the internal treatment or sentiment of the figure group. On the other hand, the vast gloomy

top of "Las Meninas," the empty foreground of a Whistlerian etching, or the darkness of a mysterious Rembrandt forms an essential part of a picture and controls the force of colours and definitions, explains the lighting and emphasises the character of the sentiment which invests the figures. In fact, the surroundings of such pictures are as much part of the impression as the figures themselves; whereas it is impossible to say that the figures in the Veronese have been painted any differently owing to the presence of their surroundings or that they have been conceived as they would be seen in such a field of sight.

Modern painters have become quite accustomed to cutting and composing a scene in the interests of an impression rather than for the sake of mere decorative consistency. Yet each time that this necessity has led them out of the path of custom, especially when it led also outside of established decorative conventions, the public have wondered and have cried out at the eccentricity. It was so when Manet used a high horizon above the picture. It was so when Whistler left more than half his canvas, this time the lower half, bare and unpeopled by incident. Most people failed to perceive that it is sometimes impossible otherwise to show the difference between an object far off subtending a small angle of sight and the same object near at hand subtending a large angle. For the sake of dignity Corot at times consented to let this distinction remain doubtful, but his compliance has caused many to question the truth of his pictures. It will be found that Velasquez, while he revealed new truths about nature, scarcely ever forgot that

"LE RECONTE," OR "CONVERSATION

a picture must be a dignified piece of decoration. But he certainly sought to attain beauty by methods somewhat unlike those employed by his predecessors.

Velasquez decorates a space by the use of tone more than any painter before him. Had Titian seen "Las Meninas" he might have found the space filled inaptly, as far as line goes, by a row of heads crushed down into the bottom of an empty canvas. And truly if you made a drawing in line after the picture for Mr Blackburn it would appear a poor composition. Even in a photograph "Las Meninas" loses its rank among pictures, while on the contrary the illustrated catalogues of modern exhibitions frequently exalt a canvas to a position which its real execution cannot maintain. Such pictures are often the work of illustrators—that is, of men who conceive a composition in black and white, and, in painting, lose or bury their original idea in new and irrelevant detail. "Las Meninas" was imagined altogether as it exists in tone and colour; it was seen in fact by the *tache*, to use a word of the early Impressionists, and the vision of it was not translated into those lines which, if you remember, Delacroix neither saw in nature nor wished to consider the sole source of beauty in art.

An old master made all his space alive with a swirl of flowing lines or built it compact like a monument with blocks of balanced colour. Immense chunks of red, blue, orange white, brown, etc., are fitted into each other as if they were the separate pieces of a puzzle. On this system each area of colour may require a different and separate process of working to secure the quality of its tint or to

engage it in a semblance of chiaroscuro and effect. Such preoccupations hamper the attainment of any unity except of line, of artificial harmony between darks and lights, of decorative contrast between colours. Indeed, of the mysteries and beauties of true tone which Velasquez explored in the heart of nature, and deemed proper to touch man's emotional habits, these old men were comparatively ignorant, or, if they had an inkling of such things, they thought them altogether beside the question of art. The old masters' drawings, their numerous and careful cartoons, their very few notes of general effect, show their inborn love of space-filling by lines and definitely woven patterns. Their problem always being to fit the given space, they seldom sew pieces on to their canvases as Velasquez has done in many of his best pictures.

The life-size portrait of Philip IV. in armour and on horseback (Prado, 1066) is a notable example of this practice. To each side of the canvas a strip three or four inches wide has been sewn, while, on the canvas itself, the pushing up of older contours reveals much correction and change of outline. This increase of the canvas by strips sewn on, common enough in the pictures of Velasquez, makes one think that he differed from his contemporaries in the way he set to work. You rarely meet with this habit amongst the men of the older decorative schools. They planned their picture beforehand, and approached it from a previous composition carefully calculated to occupy and decorate the given space. It seems possible that Velasquez began a picture in quite another spirit; that he conceived of it rather as an ensemble of tone than as a

PHILIP IV. ON HORSEBACK

pattern of lines and tints. Unlike the older decorative artists, Velasquez has left few drawings. Probably he dashed in the main centre of the impression, and upon filling and darkening the rest of the canvas found sometimes that the centre required more elbow-room. In the Equestrian Philip the strips are not added to introduce any new feature or in any way to induce a change of place in the figure to one side or the other. They seem added simply to let the figure play in the centre of a larger field. The dignity, the quality, the sense of artistry in the presentation of a thing depends very much upon its proportion to surroundings. So much around it, no more and no less, seems necessary to secure that it be seen under the conditions of sight which produced an impression on the painter, and which therefore must be reproduced to justify his treatment of the picture. It might be worth someone's time to inquire into the sewing together of these canvases, to hunt out some reason in each case, to unearth any half-buried tradition bearing on the question. The main point seems to be that while unusual amongst the older men this habit is common enough amongst the moderns of whom Velasquez was a forerunner.

If you walk outside of Madrid upon the bare slopes facing the Sierras, you may see the reality which underlies the Equestrian Portraits. Sit low down on the ground and you will have this same bare burnt foreground; should a figure pass, you will see the heavy blue of the distant hills low down behind its legs, while its head towers up into a cloudy sky. What he saw was endeared to Velasquez, and the arrangement of any one of his pictures carries with

it the recollection of some actual occasion of sight. It is so with his portraits and with his subject-pictures. The two Philosophers, Æsop and Moenippus, stand as they might have stood scores of times in any room. Just so much space surrounds them as naturally falls under the eye; it is of the shape that best befits their shape, and it is furnished with accessory of no busier or more defined complication than the character of the impression demands. The canvases in these two portraits are remarkably tall and narrow, the heads in them almost touch the top of the frame, the colour is dark grey and atmospheric, while the general tone seems to bathe everything in a nuanced depth of distance and air. The aspect of the pictures in style and composition recalls many of Mr Whistler's tall dark portraits wrapped in the mystery of gloomy interiors. Truth is the introducer that bids these two men shake hands across several centuries.

Velasquez you may say was never wantonly unusual; and, astonishing as his compositions may have looked to conventionalists, they appear to us to-day no more unnatural than nature, and much more natural than many modern experiments in art. In the arrangement of a picture by Velasquez there is always some intention to give the flavour of a particular impression, but at the same time a great effort to preserve the sane every-day aspect of nature. The fitting of a figure to its space always corresponds to the way it is supposed to be looked at, to the distance at which it is supposed to be seen, and to the number and complication of the accessories which share the dominion of the canvas. True, in his early work, such as "The Adoration of the Kings" (Prado, 1054), or even in the later "Topers"

EL CONDE-DUQUE DE OLIVAREZ

and "The Forge of Vulcan," Velasquez appears to compel things into unreasoned relation to each other, but this is the result of that realism which overlooks the general aspect of a view and studies the appearances of its separate parts. Composition in such a case cannot be said to influence the whole treatment of a canvas, but only its formal outlines. Drawing, modelling, definition of detail, balance of emptiness and fulness are determined in their character by successive study of pieces of the picture instead of by a comprehensive view of the whole subject. The faults induced by such technique are hardness, confusion, spottiness, and the sacrifice of the mystery of enveloping air and light to petty markings and exaggerated spots of local colouring. It will be seen that hardness, confusion, and spottiness can be corrected by the sole influence of a noble decorative ideal, and that the unrealistic combinations of Veronese, Titian, Rubens and others are free from these defects. Yet their pictures cannot pretend to express fully the more subtle mysteries of real light or to render an impression of the whole aspect of an actual scene upon a painter's eye.

When we are absorbed in the work of any great man whose art happens to express our own feelings, a natural and not unseemly enthusiasm leads us to set him high above all other artists; but in calmer moments we admit no comparison between men who use technique to express quite different moods, sentiments, and perceptions. You may as well compare Milton and Praxiteles as Beethoven and Palestrina. Tonality is not more potent and far-reaching in its effect upon modern music than real lighting upon the

arrangement of a picture. Both can steep the commonplace in mystery, can flash a new meaning into old forms, can supersede worn-out conventions, can electrify a dead passage, can sustain and bind together a whole composition. Tone in a picture and tone in music may not be better than the older methods of composition, but they awake quite different feelings in the mind, and so it is difficult to like the clarity of Palestrina and the rich emotional tempest of Beethoven on the same evening, or to equally appreciate in the same gallery the close solemn tissue of a Velasquez and the arbitrary loosely-hung harmonies of the older schools. The Prado contains some noble canvases by Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoretto and others, but to an eye that has dwelt long on the subtle nuances of a Velasquez, they seem to fall to pieces or to be held together only by the most palpable harmonic artifice. Yet there is art enough stowed away in "Las Meninas," as becomes evident when an engraver stumbles over the hidden pitfalls that lie concealed beneath its suave surface. Touch one of these many straight lines too firmly, miss the nuancing of its accents, or tighten a detail of face or costume, and some shrieking definition jumps at you like a jack-in-the-box.

When you fail to grasp the ensemble of a Velasquez, when you miss its profound and touching truth, you can fall back on little else save a few disjointed facts of common realism. The art of the thing escapes you as the art of a Beethoven symphony escapes the man who only catches hold of occasional tag-ends of tunes hanging out of a preposterous and tangled coil of sound.

THE DWARF "EL PRIMO"

Compared with those of Rubens, for instance, the pictures of Velasquez may seem grey, gloomy, and empty, especially if one should be in that sensuous mood which pardons everything for the sake of sumptuous decoration. Let us think of a Rubens in the National Gallery, "The Rape of the Sabines," that flush-tide of the richest colour, which positively seems to boil up in swirling eddies of harmonious form. Its whole surface is swept by lines which rush each other on like the rapid successive entrances of an excited *stretto*, till the violent movement seems to undulate the entire pattern of the picture. Certainly examination proves the feeling due rather to decorative repetitions of line than to really striking actions in the separate figures, yet the mind that has been possessed by this miracle of agitation may well find "Las Meninas" cold, empty, and stiffly arranged. The colour of Velasquez we must leave alone for the present, but the exquisite precision and the eloquent breadth of the figures in "Las Meninas" surely weigh against the attractions of a decorative consistency in the flow of lines. The breathing of these young figures in their stiff clothes, the quality of their flesh, the gait and bearing of them, the admirable adjustment of the right lines of this grave chamber in the old palace, legitimately appeal to the eye by an interest of true pictorial art. The arrangement of this group, which extends into depth and darkness, shows exactly how it was felt in relation to its surroundings. These fields of vibrating space, this vast shadowed top, wonderfully modelled as it recedes from the eye, are no more empty and useless around the figures than landscape itself, which was so long withheld as uninteresting wasted space. The rule

was and still is that every space must co-operate in the effect, but not necessarily by lines, agitated colours, and defined forms. True, it may take one some time to understand the part played by the top half of "Las Meninas," but when one knows its gradations it appears as grand a setting as the Alps.

When you are penetrated by the solemn statement of "Las Meninas," even "The Surrender of Breda" seems full of a rhetorical if noble chattering, and to pass from a fine Velasquez to any of the Italian pictures at the Prado is to see them at great disadvantage. Not even "The Assumption," by Titian (Academy, Venice), or "The Transfiguration," by Raphael (Vatican, Rome), will quite content those who want an art that fits the eye, who prefer a natural and organic composition to a grand assemblage of poses, draperies, wagging beards, contorted limbs, and sweeping decorative lines. Few are the pictures that show a unity embracing colour, definition, modelling, and tone as well as line—the unity of purpose that we find in "The Last Supper" of Leonardo, in "Las Hilanderas," "The Venus," and "Las Meninas," in some Rembrandts, and in one or two works of recent and living painters. "The Transfiguration" of Raphael could well bear translation into line, but no one will pretend that its chiaroscuro is affecting and mysterious, or its colour bound together by any principle beyond juxtaposition, repetition, and the compulsion of harmonious line. Its upper part, moreover, has no connection with its lower, except through symbolism. "The Assumption," by Titian, although glorious in the power of its colour and the magnitude of its execution, scarcely answers to the finest ideal of

picture-making. As a composition it is too patently broken into three parts. The upper group of the Father and Angels seems quite divided from the rest of the canvas, and in itself too dark, too distinctly cut out, too poorly enwrapped, and altogether too unmysterious. The picture, indeed, pleases one better when the upper part is shaded out by the hand, and the top of the canvas is imagined to die out in mystery. As I was looking at it, I heard a lady say that it was a fine picture, but worldly, and that she did not like that great red figure in the front. This sounds ridiculous, as, if one dislikes the red drapery, one cannot like the picture, of which it is the very heart and vitals, yet without doubt her statement had some meaning. Probably the sense of worldliness came from the hard definition of the top part, and the dislike of the gorgeous red and black harmony from the sacrifice of all subtleties of tone which such an explosion of colour demands.

To put all this in as few words as possible, it may be said that Velasquez uses tone as an important element in his composition; that, in fact, he utilises the expression of space as well as the expression of form to give character to his picture. This is seen in the modelled depths of space that encase and permeate "Las Meninas," "The Spinners," Mr Morritt's "Venus," the "Æsop," the "Moenippus," and the so-called "Maria Teresa" (Prado, 1084). These we may call impressionistic compositions, while the earlier works, "Adoration of the Kings," "The Topers," "The Forge of Vulcan," and others, we may call, in contradistinction, realistic. "The Adoration of the Kings" is opaque and dark, without a sense of space, either in

the quality of the colour or in the arrangement of the picture. There is no room in its crowded composition, and there is no aerial suppleness in its tight lines and its comparatively small and hard modelling of surfaces. The pictures of Velasquez's middle life, as I have said, are decorative in aim, and the equestrian portraits of Philip IV., Olivares, and Don Balthasar resemble "The Surrender of Breda." The composition of these is very much freer and broader than that of the early pictures. Indeed, the canvases of this time are the only pictures which show anything of that scarcely definable air of pose and make-up which one expects in the true "Old Master." The hard, clumsy, over-detailed patterns of the dresses in the large equestrian portraits of Philip III. and his wife Queen Margaret (Prado, 1064 and 1065) which might seem exceptions, are not the work of Velasquez. He found these portraits already executed, and merely touched them up in his own broader and more vigorous style. The pattern of the queen's dress is plastered in with little regard to the perspective of folds or the changing value of lights. It is interesting to compare its awkwardness in the composition with the beautiful ease of patterns worked by Velasquez himself, as, for instance, those in "Maria Teresa" (1084), or in the Dwarf with a large dog. The queen's dress is worked in the mechanically detailed style of work, which can be seen in pictures by Sanchez Coello and other predecessors of Velasquez.

From what has been already said, backed by a glance at the illustrations to this book, it may be seen that Velasquez relied very seldom upon parallelism of lines, whirlpools of curves leading the eye to a centre, or,

THE SCULPTOR MARTINEZ MONTAÑÉZ
ALSO CALLED ALONSO CANO

indeed, upon any other of the many traditional resources of composition. But it would be narrow-minded to blame either the composers by line or the composers by spot. Different ends justify different means in each case, and, moreover, composers, like cooks, although they have principles, apply them ultimately in practice at the dictation of taste. You cannot easily convert people on matters of real taste —decide how much sugar they can absorb without cloying their palates, or how much balance and symmetry of arrangement they can stand in a picture without feeling sick at its artificiality. The work of Claude affords an example of formal, rhythmic composition which has proved distasteful of late days to many who still admire its colour. What is stranger still, some lovers of Wagner now find the melody of Mozart too formal, too simple, too evident. But while radical and physiological differences of taste unquestionably exist, we must not be too ready to accept blame due to partial blindness, or mere unfamiliarity with new conditions, as the result of an unconquerable physical aversion. When impressionists have depicted figures looked at from above they have been told that their pictures were unnatural by those accustomed to see people painted on a studio throne. But when it was first introduced did even perspective look natural, or did it require custom to familiarise the eye with its curious forms? Artists should not be censured for their admitted carelessness of public opinion, as the most natural view looks unfamiliar to creatures of habit, just as to a conventional society a realistic representation of human passions appears madness. In such a matter of taste as the point at which a

canvas becomes over-spotty can one pronounce with certainty? There is a boiling point on the thermometer: is there a cutting-up point which determines the ratio to the area in which you may subdivide a picture? Here are two reasons why no one can lay down the law with assurance. *First*, the point of spottiness greatly depends on whether the eye habitually takes heed consciously of a large or a small field of vision. *Second*, a dangerous complexity of detail and matter in a picture may be rendered comprehensible and orderly by rhythm in the design, but then the spectator must be able to embrace the extent and meaning of this harmonious arrangement.

Velasquez relies on tone, on the magic of true light, on delicate adjustments of proportion between masses to unite the many figures of "The Spinners" and "Las Meninas." As to harmonious lines, he trusts to them in composing a picture as little as he trusts to defined lines in his rendering of form. He never cuts up a figure or face by lines drawn round the eyes, lips, or other features; he gives a sense of intimacy by gradations of tone rather than by fixed contours. Thus, while a painted Holbein differs very little in method and aim from a Holbein drawing on white paper, a picture by Velasquez belongs altogether to another branch of art.

Harmonious line may often cover bad composition of tone, colour, or mass, just as the wonderful tone of Velasquez may at times dignify very ordinary line. For instance, the line weavers constantly ran two or three pictures into one frame, so that if you neglect their lines their composition-masses of tone appear meaningless and spotty. If a painter looks at one corner of the canvas exclusively he is apt

to put a smaller frame round it mentally, and so make a fresh set of composition masses out of what was only the subordinate detail of the original *motif*. Of this fault Velasquez, at least in his later work, is never guilty.

Within the scope of Velasquez's own work, and even of his later work, the difference between Italian traditional composition and the new impressionistic composition may be easily illustrated. The "Coronation of the Virgin" (Prado, 1056) is arranged upon the system of balanced blocks of colour and harmonious play of lines. But I have no doubt that even in this picture a purist in old mastery would object to the direction of the cherub's wings, which point out of the picture and downwards, instead of in and upwards. A man who composes best by tone abandons nature at some peril, when, as here, he undertakes to show purely ideal circumstances.

In the case of "Las Meninas" and "The Spinners," Velasquez unquestionably worked from Nature. Indeed, the photogravure of "Las Meninas" is taken from a large study, four feet wide, belonging to Mr Banks of Kingston Lacy. As may be noted, it only differs from the larger picture in that the king and queen are not reflected in the mirror at the end of the room, beside the open door. It is generally said that Velasquez was painting the king, who sat in the spot from which the spectator is supposed to see the picture of "Las Meninas." During a moment's rest the "Infanta" came in with her attendants, and the king was struck with the group which fell together before his eyes. Near him he saw the princess, her maids, her dog, and her dwarfs; a little farther on the

left, Velasquez, who had stepped back to look at his picture; farther still on the right a duenna and courtier talking; while at the distant end of the gallery the king saw his queen and himself reflected in a mirror, and, through the open door, Don Joseph Nieto drawing back a curtain. The canvas shown in the picture would naturally be the one on which Velasquez was painting the king's portrait. Some, however, will have it to be the very canvas of "Las Meninas," which Velasquez was painting from a reflection in a mirror placed near to where the king had been sitting. The perspective in the picture hardly seems to agree with this view, but rather makes Velasquez to have been working on the king's right hand. It is not a matter of importance, and the story of the conception of the picture may easily have got mixed in the telling. It is just possible that Velasquez was painting, or was about to paint, a portrait of the Infanta only, when the idea of the large picture suddenly occurred to him or to the king. The canvas of "Las Meninas" is made of separate pieces sewn together, and one of these just contains the Infanta, with room for accessories or a subordinate figure. Another tradition says that the red cross of Santiago, which you can see on the painter's breast, was painted there by the king's own hand, as a promise of the honour that was to be conferred on him afterwards.

"Las Hilanderas" (Prado, 1061), or the spinners in the royal manufactory of tapestry, was painted later than "Las Meninas," which it resembles in one or two points. In both pictures the top runs up into gloom, though the vaulted chamber of "The Spinners" does not tower up and dominate the composition so

A BETROTHAL

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much as the upper part of "Las Meninas." Both pictures are conceived in tone and steeped in the mystery of light, and "The Spinners," in a higher degree, is cheered, in the midst of its deepest gloom, by a vista opening at the back into a brilliantly-lighted space. But in "The Spinners" the texture of illuminated and shadowed air is richer and more varied, it clothes a greater variety of forms, it fuses a wider variety of tints, a range of stronger local colours. In keeping with its more lively colour scheme, the composition lines of "The Spinners" flow more sinuously and harmoniously than the rigid forms of "Las Meninas," and the masses twine and interweave in a more rhythmic and balanced pattern. "Las Meninas" is graver, nobler, and more imposing, also less expected, less formal, and less aided by artificial elegancies of arrangement. "Las Hilanderas" is more supple and insinuating in its grace of pattern, more enchanting and varied in its treatment of colour and detail.

In both pictures Velasquez is shown at his best. He copes with the most difficult problems of modern impressionism; he works them out on a large scale, and he pushes the rendering of his conception in each case to the furthest possible completion. One or two smaller pictures, single figures or heads, may perhaps compare in modelling, in expression of light, or in quality of colour, with these two great masterpieces just mentioned, but on the score of composition not even Mr Morritt's supple and flowing "Venus," the "Christ at the Pillar" of our National Gallery, or "Æsop," "Moenippus," "Maria Teresa," and others in the Prado, can rival the importance of "Las Meninas" and "The Spinners." It will be well,

therefore, to speak of smaller pictures after dealing with colour and modelling, and at present to pass on to the landscape art of Velasquez.

In this branch of painting the large upright "Avenue of the Queen," at Aranjuez (Prado, 1110), is enough to make us proclaim Velasquez a modern and an impressionist, when we think of the contemporary Claude and Poussin. The view is seen from a height outside the avenue so that the horizon is half way up the canvas, and the avenue occupies only the right hand side of the picture. On the left you see the Tagus bounded by a hedge of distant trees, surmounted by an evening sky. This scarcely promises much dignity of arrangement, and yet the picture is fuller of grandeur and immensity than any I can remember. The trees in two tall towers of gloom, rise into a blue sky streaked with floating filaments of cloud, while on the dusty road below, coaches and cavaliers, like a string of insects, cross the brown empty foreground and plunge into the deep recesses of the avenue. The canvas is a large one for landscape, and it is treated throughout with a breadth of style proportionate to the size of the composition, and suitable to the implied distance of the spectator from the frame. The manner of seeing recalls the work of both Corot and Whistler, though neither of these painters ever saw it. In this picture, as in his other open-air works, Velasquez has cut the scene out of nature in a personal manner, so as to fit his sentiment about the place. He has insured the harmony of smaller details, both in tone and line, by swamping accidental or contradictory forms such as the saw-like

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edges of trees, or accidental and distracting holes of light in the darker depths of shades. This picture and the "Fountain of the Tritons" (Prado, 1109), another view at Aranjuez, belong to the latest period of Velasquez's life. The fountain is notable for the soft, feathery handling of the trees which veil the sky; the figures seem out of scale, and Carl Justi considers them additions by J. B. del Mazo, son-in-law and pupil of Velasquez. Other landscapes, such as the two finely-handled sketches of scenes in the "Villa Medici," belong to the first visit to Rome in 1630.

In landscapes, as in his figure-subjects, Velasquez does not seek ideal beauties or acceptably grand, poetic, religious, and picturesque *motifs*. He takes a chunk of nature and can do without Florentine trees, rocky hills, flowers and castles; he frames a slice of life and foregoes hoods, halos, and the paraphernalia of ecclesiastical sentiment. The thing that he paints has a flavour of its own; owing to a hazard of nature, owing to an accident of the way he himself looks, the scene charms him by the play of light on colours, or by some subtle relation among proportions which gives grandeur, delicacy, or an air of captivating greatness.

Of many qualities possible to painting and useful in composition, proportion is at once the most enduring in its effect, and the most unobtrusive in its compulsion on the eye. Some qualities exact a strained and conscious effort of appreciation; their full expression in a picture demands a full attention from the spectator. Now a work of art should charm us both when we examine it and when we dream over it half-

consciously. Certain efforts of draughtsmanship, for instance, require study, and appeal to an intelligent, wide-awake interest in action, anatomy, and things beyond the immediate presence of the canvas. The subordination by harmony of complicated elements can only be fairly enjoyed by an intellectual combined with an intuitive operation. Mere contrast of colour sets the nerves on the *qui vive*; it challenges criticism, it awakes the caprices of the individual taste. Balance asks to be weighed; geometrical relations set the spectator measuring. Proportion, like a fine day, puts us into a pleasurable frame of mind without conscious effort on our part. An unlearned man may look at a Greek temple and be pleased without recognising it to be a work of art. He may not feel any interest in it or any wish to examine or inquire, but his nerves are cheered or soothed as by woods, seas, or mountains. Fine proportion always seems to have grown up naturally, it shows none of the difficulties that have been painfully overcome, none of the snares of annoyance that have been skilfully avoided. Proportion cannot be done by rule; it is experimental and intuitive, and its effect, however potent, is unintellectual. To make it by law is to copy mechanically. The proportions of the Parthenon are for the Parthenon, and must be changed for another building. Of course, space-fillers use proportion, but oftener a more or less imitable harmony of lines; Velasquez oftener proportion. Hence his art is less evident, less exciting at first, and less fatiguing afterwards. The more you know his work the more you see in it, and what appeared the most wonderful effort of artless realism becomes the most consummate finesse of art.

CHAPTER VI

HIS COLOUR

PERSONAL taste counts for much in the whole field of art, and nowhere so much as in colour. Whether we think of the painter or the onlooker, whether we think of making or admiring a picture, it is equally impossible to lay down hard and fast rules of practice, and to discriminate between good and bad with scientific certainty. A native tendency decides for us what kind of use we shall make of colour—a difference in eyes, early habits, instinctive preferences, causes one man to feel elation at the rich extravagance of Venetian colour, and another man to be touched by the natural poetry and sober dignity of a fine Velasquez. As this is so, I need scarcely apologise for speaking of my own feelings; art is meaningless without personality and its action can only be studied in its effect upon oneself.

As a child I was fond of engravings after certain pictures, but when I saw some of the originals I was astonished that the painter should have spoilt the nobility of his work by staining it with unnaturally bright and spotty colouring. The breadth and solemnity of the black and white had disappeared, like the grandeur of a figure when it is tricked out in tinsel and motley. Yet I can remember that I was pleased

with bright colour in the real world, and now I can put my finger on some of the reasons for these apparently inconsistent tastes. In nature a vivid tint appeared only as a rare splash, which set off by contrast the charm of the prevailing sheet of soft silvery iridescence, or impalpable umbery warmth that veils and reveals objects in the chiaroscuro of real light. To show strong colour thus governed by the tone of the *ensemble* is not the same thing as to play with strong colour in an artificial scheme of decorative harmonies, and you may count on your fingers the men who have done it with success. The black and white medium and the Venetian glow, different as they are, agree in being quite arbitrary expressions of the combined effect of colour and light. As all art is convention, I merely mark the difference between such forms of art and naturalism without implying anything of praise or blame. The man who sees the world through tone, who feels the beauty of colour mainly in its relations to this prevailing principle of tone, cannot easily appreciate a use of colour which neither frankly abandons nature nor treats the mystery of real lighting with poetic insight. Brought up, as a boy, on Mr Holman Hunt, Sir N. Paton, and the Scotch Academy, I soon concluded that I congenitally disliked paint. However, in later days at Fontainebleau, I became intimate with Auguste Ortmans, a painter to whom the emperor had given a studio in the château. When the empress was away he showed me her Corots; he took me to see work at Barbizon; he set me to paint in the forest, and I learnt that colour was not necessarily a blazing falsity. Then schools of art overwhelmed me, and face to face with the difficulties of

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nature I was led off my legs, and, as usual, forgot how the world really looked to me whilst I was prying into the drawing, modelling, and local colouring of its interesting corners. Being impressed does not imply the imagination to recreate, otherwise we might very much multiply the number of good artists.

There must be some who feel with me that many bright colours of extreme chromatic difference confound the perception of tone, and give the picture an air of insincerity, shallow pomp, and decorative flashiness. The solemn mystery of nature is lost for the sake of a costumier's taste for courtly splendour.

You cannot easily bridge over the difference of taste which leads one man to enjoy the subtle modification of colour by light, and another to revel in the bright untrammelled play of colour used decoratively. The decorative end may be attained gloriously and by a triumph of art as in the case of the Venetians, but to people of my sort it remains a triumph of artifice, not a great victory of the emotions. We are reconciled to it slowly and not until we have learnt enough to perceive and to be awestruck by a skill which at first escaped our ignorance. But the miracle does not repose on the basis of our own feelings nor conciliate the testimony of our eyes. It seems unphilosophic and without roots in the life we lead. It cannot touch the old associations of our race with reality, or pull upon nerves that have been fashioned by the emotions of a thousand generations. Now, great work to those who make it and to those who feel a vital sympathy with it never appears wholly decorative in aim. In proportion to our native blindness or aversion to the point of view taken, so the decorative aim

seems to preponderate over the natural or realistic. To some men, Whistler seems to blot out nature in arbitrary fuliginousness when he meant to coax beauty out of the heart of what he saw. To some, Velasquez appears to be a decorator with an unaccountable taste for certain cold harmonies of a restrained kind, turning upon black and grey, which he manages to manipulate with some cleverness. To me, again, he is nothing of the sort, and now that he has shown me the way, I can see a Velasquez wherever I please.

To the unthinking, colour is absolute, and its quality in every case inherent to each particular tint. It is impossible here to argue against such a conviction, but one may point to the blue complementary shadows on white chalk, and to the effect of coloured clothes on people's complexions. I have observed that a piece of coarse green pastel which made a dark mark against the foreground grass of a freshly-painted landscape, relieved as a light spot against the apparently blue and ethereal sky of a Claude. Such is the power of the relations within the range of a key. When we call a single colour beautiful or ugly we unconsciously compare it with the general hue of nature as a background.

It follows from the interdependence of colours and from the compelling power of key relations, that whether we look at imitative pictures, decorative patterns, or natural scenes, we shall see colours differently, according as it is our habit to embrace large or small fields of sight under one impression. You may choose a wall-paper in bed from a two-foot pattern close at hand, and experience some surprise when you see it hung on an empty thirty-foot wall. So, when

the primitive realist tints small separate objects by a process as near matching as possible, we cannot wonder that his picture, which contains some hundreds of such matches, should look unnatural. A realist of broader perceptions compares the effect of colour againt colour, while the impressionist notes or imagines the general tone of the whole field which he paints, and then determines the quality and value of spots by their relation to this perceived *ensemble*. These ways of looking give rise to quite different sentiments about external nature.

In all kinds of really artistic work, whether decorative, realistic, or impressionist, one sees evidence of that liking for unity of some kind which pervades every art. In painting it may appear in line, chiaroscuro, colour, or in a combination of all the qualities. An inborn sense of decorative colour seems to recommend a unity of richness, in fact a kind of varnished glow, to the natural man. You see it in the love for reflections, particularly in rather dirty water, in the taste for Claude Lorraine glasses, in the passion for the old varnish that softens the hues of a picture and solves them in a warm and luscious juice. The world in general admires the harmonising effect of time upon the tints of a picture, and the artist of a decorative turn of mind has been greatly influenced by the beauty of old colour. Nevertheless, the lover of nature feels cheated of dear and familiar emotions when he sees some arbitrary decorative principle employed to effect this much-desired fusion of colours. It may become the decorator to conceive a scheme of colouring, but it behoves the naturalist to find in nature the bond that will unite and beautify colour.

In this case, of course, one means by nature the man's impression of the colour-effect of the whole field of vision about to be painted. In virtue of this impressionistic way of seeing, an artist gives his pictures a unity of colour which is significant as well as decorative in its beauty. Now, it is evident that much of the significance of such colour will be lost to eyes that habitually take in a smaller field of impression than is taken by the painter. Thus, there are many people to whom the colouring of a Velasquez looks cold, dry, and inexplicably grey. Velasquez aimed at the cool effect of silvery light, and if you look at the *ensemble* of his picture as he looked at nature, you will rarely see a poor passage of colour.

No pictures maintain such a close unity of key as those of Velasquez. But this close unity of key corresponds to a real perception of nature. When a lady in a brightly-coloured hat passes one of his canvases, it is true that you see the whole picture of one tone in contrast to the hat. Yet the key is so subtly varied, so delicately nuanced, that the picture, unless through such a contrast, appears to be a luminous tissue of air, not definitely red, green, black, or yellow. But "Las Meninas," even when subjected to this test of contrast with real people sitting on a bench before it, preserves its appearance of truth and natural vigour. Its colour relations continue to look as subtle and as naturally complex as before; and when you look at both nature and the picture, your eye only seems to pass from one room into another. The sense of space and roundness in the real room is not greater than in the painted room. On the other hand, contrast with the real

MERCURY AND ARGOS

world exposes no exaggerated reliefs, no over-trenchant definitions, no false lighting in "Las Meninas." It is, in fact, neither too tame nor too swaggering and theatrical in its treatment of natural appearances. When purely decorative, a close unity of key may sometimes result in the case of old pictures from age and varnish, and only sometimes from the painter's intention, while in the case of modern work it occasionally comes from a palpable disillusionising glaze of warm colour sloshed over crudity of value. The pictures of Velasquez, though a little duller than they were, have changed less than those of most painters, and they show no traces of glazing or saucing; indeed, they are among the few old pictures that have not gained by time.

The general principle which unites the colours of his later pictures was reached by Velasquez, neither through that feeling for decorative fitness which governed the work of his middle period nor entirely through the inborn Spanish love of dark hues that we see in Ribera. It comes from a broader and more imaginative outlook upon the values of colour as they are affected by juxtaposition, by atmospheric conditions, and, above all, by their inclination to the source of light. This view of the aspect of nature led him to study not only black and white but chromatic tone. A change of the plane on which a colour lies tends to make it not only lighter or darker, but to change its hue—to dose it with some proportions of blue, yellow or red. Velasquez recreates the aspect of a place and its conditions of lighting so convincingly that one feels able to imagine the value which any local tint would receive if introduced into any position in the picture.

True, he seldom chooses a subject from nature which contains many bright local tints, but he always treats those he admits with a perfect mastery of the resources of colour. He is as subtle a colourist as real light itself, which veils even a monochromatic subject in a dress of coloured tissue. Indeed, the delicate colourist is never better proved than when he would paint the chromatic nuances of light upon a *motif* whose chief local tints are black or white. By his treatment of blacks in such pictures as "Moenippus," "Philip IV. Old" (Prado, 1080), and "The Sculptor Montañés" (Prado, 1091), Velasquez amply demonstrates the amazing finesse of his eye.

The beggar Moenippus in his faded black cloak, towers up to the top of the narrow canvas which represents him standing, with a book and jar at his feet, against the bare grey wall of a dim and dusty garret. A great shadow wraps the feet; but, above, the figure is tilted back on the hip somewhat after the manner of Mr Whistler's "Lady Archibald Campbell." Thus a discreet light skims the upper half of the man, gently silvering the rusty black and revealing the shape of the shoulder and the character of the pose. The beauty of this passage of colour becomes more patent if one notes the different quality of the black in "Portrait of a Man" (Prado, 243) by Greco (1548-1625), who painted portraits in Spain before the days of Velasquez. Greco opens a pit or hole of black asphalt; Velasquez flushes the blacks of Moenippus with a hundred nuances of greenish light. Although he could see the finest shades of distinction in dark tones, Velasquez was no colourist in the eyes of those who see little difference between black, Van Dyke brown, or Prussian blue until

MOENIPPUS

they are plentifully diluted with white. These men are the drunkards of colour. We will not deny that they like it; both the *gourmet* and the *gourmand* may be said to like food and yet we give them by no means an equal reputation for taste.

In the early full-length "Don Carlos" (Prado, 1073) by Velasquez, the blacks compared with those in the "Moenippus" look hard, unaerial, and scarcely obedient to the light. This comparison of the early and late treatment of local blacks by Velasquez may be paralleled by a comparison of his general colour in the first period and in the last. "The Forge of Vulcan" (Prado, 1059), dating from about 1630, the end of the first period, is, as it were, conveyed in a vehicle of brown, not at all luminous and aerial as the atmosphere of the later silvery works, "The Spinners," "Las Meninas," "The Venus," "Moenippus," "Philip IV." (Prado, 1080), and "Maria Teresa" (Prado, 1084). This brown of the "Vulcan" is an almost monochromatic tissue of tone which accompanies and unites the colour of the picture. It is almost as positive as the brown bituminous vehicle used some twenty years ago by persons supposed to have been educated at Munich. Few strong local tints are embedded in the brown tone of the "Vulcan"; you have nothing in the subject more chromatic than the flesh tints of the dark blacksmiths, and the lighter ones of Apollo, a yellow drapery, and, on the anvil, one spot of glowing iron. The rest of the picture consists of originally greyish colours, drowned in a brown vehicle. It is curious, by the way, that the angel in "Christ at the Pillar" (National Gallery, date 1639) is the same person or the same type of person as the Apollo in the "Vulcan" of 1630. The National

Gallery picture is greyer and more silvery than the "Vulcan," but it still shows something of the dryness and hardness which was to be entirely abandoned in the last period.

Vivid colours occur now and again in the subjects chosen by Velasquez, as, for instance, the pink scarf in "The Equestrian Philip" (Prado, 1066), the draperies, etc., in "The Coronation of the Virgin" (Prado, 1056), the red cloth in "The Venus," the curtain and the tapestry in "The Spinners," and touches of rose and red in "Maria Teresa" (Prado, 1084), but they are certainly not frequent. The "Coronation of the Virgin," though painted in the third period, is of a conventional Italian style in its composition; and it is not surprising that a picture with fluttering draperies, rounded clouds, cherub heads, and all the apparatus of a religious work, should be highly coloured in unrealistic blues, pinks, and purples. Of characteristic canvases by Velasquez, the one in which real atmosphere plays upon the widest range of colour is perhaps "Las Hilanderas," otherwise "The Spinners" (Prado, 1061).

THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

CHAPTER VII

HIS MODELLING AND BRUSHWORK

WHILE speaking of colour one has gone some way towards describing the office of modelling; but there remains a little to say about this important subject. Modelling is the basis of the art of painting, the master-trick of the craft, since it is imposed upon the painter by the very convention which compels him to express depths of space and inclinations of surface by shades of colour laid on one plane. The shortest if not the best description of the convention of painting is given when you say that it compels you to have nothing to do with anything that cannot be shown at one view in a glass. This implies the single point of sight of perspective and the single focus of impressionism. In fact, the impressionists are the descendants of the perspectivists; they fight the same battle, and are pledged to the same cause, to show, not how things are, but how they seem. Notwithstanding the contrary opinion of certain painters, I cannot but consider modelling the most valuable acquirement of an impressionist, as with it he may render his impression of shape and yet neither rivet the eye nor detain the attention by defined lines or borders. It seems illogical, and it certainly violates the continuity of light to dispense with lines round large masses, while you carefully draw them with a rigger round eyes,

mouths, noses, buttons, and other details. Brushwork then enters into the question, as it is the means used to carry out the logic of modelling, especially in the smaller sub-divisions of a picture where the minuter forms of detail must often be suggested by texture or a device of handling.

If one must divide the indivisible and name some quality of technique in which Velasquez most patently excelled, one feels inclined to choose his modelling. In expressing form by real light he finally attained to that Greek combination of broad, majestic beauty of effect, with the neatest perfection of finish. Other men, it will be said, have shown a fine command of form before him, and Velasquez himself could surely model well enough in his early works. The back of the blacksmith in "The Forge of Vulcan" and the arm of Bacchus in "The Topers," as well as the heads in that picture, are superb bits of modelling. In what consists the difference between this early rendering of form and the modelling of the later pictures? To some extent perhaps in a growing feeling for comparative strengths of definition, which enabled him to avoid tricky or arbitrary expression, and to pass from piecemeal modelling to impressionistic modelling. A definition may not disappear in nature if you pry closely into it; but, when looked at together with a second one, firmer and yet soft in the *ensemble*, the first must often be made to disappear if due relative force is to be kept. A step in Velasquez's progress in comparative definition may be seen by comparing portraits of the second period, like the "Sculptor Montañés" (Prado, 1091), or the "Admiral Pulido," of the National Gallery, with close tight early work, such as "Philip IV." (Prado, 1070), or even Philip,

full length, in the National Gallery. Though the pictures of the second period are certainly freer, broader, and less hard than those of the first, perhaps they have lost something of the intimate rendering of form which was to be regained in final work, such as "Philip IV." (Prado, 1080), and "Philip Old" (National Gallery).

Let us admit then that other men have felt form before Velasquez; it was his merit to have shown it under one effect of light and to have expressed it with the sorcery of truth and not by any kind of arbitrary modelling. The term needs explanation; I have used it for ten years, but the other day some one asked me if it meant the use of idealised forms instead of the actual shape of the model. Here, however, the term "arbitrary" applies to the want of reality in the means used to express them, and not to any lack of actuality in the forms themselves. Idealised form can be rendered with the least possible convention, and with a fully coloured and real treatment of light, whereas actual form can be rendered with the much more conventional and unreal mediums of pure line or black and white monochrome. An extreme but well-known instance of arbitrary modelling may be seen in those maps which express the shape of a country by contour lines drawn at successive heights. The steeper the ground the closer the lines approach, till on a cliff they merge into a deep shade. If used as modelling, this arbitrary principle would assume a spectator in the zenith whose eye is the source of light, so that horizontal planes appear whitest and vertical ones darkest.

It is not necessary to describe all the kinds and degrees of arbitrariness in modelling which have been used both before and after Velasquez; a word or two

must suffice. Leonardo da Vinci, when he was writing of modelling, blames the conventionality of previous practitioners as out of correspondence with the truths of real light. He accuses them of modelling by means of a monochromatic tint used in three or four bands of increasing darkness from full light to deep shadow. These gradation tints, something, by the way, like those used now in mechanical drawings, could be mixed with the local hue of a drapery or a flesh tint, or else might be superimposed in glazes. In both cases a sort of obligato accompaniment in monochrome was called upon to produce all the modifications of local colour that we understand by the word "values." Without doubt, succeeding painters have used more subtle methods of modelling, but whether they attain to the beauty and finesse of Raphael, of Rubens, of Titian, of Rembrandt, or only of Sir E. Burne-Jones, their modelling seems arbitrary and their beauties conventional beside the naturalism of Velasquez.

When we see a quite white world after a heavy fall of snow, we do not see a monochrome but the chromatic hues of a coloured atmospheric effect. Sometimes it is a tissue of rose, blue, and yellow all in a high fairy-like key, or again it is a harmony of brown and silver; but, whatever it may be, it goes far to disprove the theory that a shadow is only a darker shade of a light. The shapes of this equally white ground are revealed by the various inclination of their slopes to the light, yet this light is yellow on one slope, blue on another, and by no means merely darker or brighter shades of one tint. The distances of the snow-fields are indicated by their absorption in atmospheric hues, but the foreground is not another shade of the colour that wraps the distance.

A red, blue, or yellow world would also model chromatically under light, and so we may be sure that every change of plane in the real compositely-hued world should correspond in the picture to a change of value in true colour.

Velasquez's idea of finish in modelling consisted in making his rendering of light logical, convincing, and beautiful. He taught himself not to over-model every bit of a picture because he saw that the range of available values is graduated according to the inclination of real planes and not according to their size or structural importance. To burden a plane with smaller planes, perhaps steeper or equally steep, means frittering away the values that should not only distinguish, but eloquently proclaim important changes of surface. The constant repetition of sharp accidents tires the eye; it is like the false cry of wolf that forestalls the effect of the really momentous occasion. This appears especially evident in landscape, where it is counted unwise to pretend to fully outline and model objects too small to properly exhibit the effect of shadow and light. The artist who insists on giving such accidents an important treatment generally employs a false kind of definition which really belongs to the convention of outline drawing and not to that of full-toned oil painting. Indeed, the traditions of laborious or gorgeous styles of the past linger incongruously in later art, as buttons and lappets, the relics of former fashions, remain on the coats we wear to-day. In a difficult passage of naturalistic modelling, painters are apt to take refuge in the older conventions of line, which contradict and destroy the consistency

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To people who have never painted, such terms as impressions, fields of vision, and angles of sight, may seem fanciful, or at least irrelevant to art. An illustration may help to show them that there is no absolute realism of appearance, but that different eyes and different habits of looking at the world would manifest different qualities and different aspects of truth. When a man reads, he does not focus individual letters but takes in a whole line at a glance; so that in ordinary reading for pleasure he overlooks misspellings, reversed

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Many people must have noticed the occasional effect of a portrait upon a blank canvas—an effect of grand importance, too often speedily impaired as the painter proceeds to fill in the space. This blank space happened to correspond roughly to the degree of attention which the painter had accorded to surroundings when he was painting the head; its emptiness justified the closeness of his modelling and the precision of his definitions. When he began to focus elsewhere and to fill in accessories, the head began to look mean and too tightly modelled. Velasquez's most closely-studied heads are for the most part isolated portraits, painted against utter blackness or against an atmospheric grey or fawn tone of great simplicity. Such are, for instance, "The Crucifixion" (Prado, 1055), and "Philip IV." (1080), in the same gallery. Indeed, the black blankness surrounding "The Crucifixion" alone saves its antique Bellini-like details

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THE CRUCIFIXION

of lettering and wood-graining from looking commonplace and topographical. As he became an impressionist somewhat slowly, the qualities of modelling which Velasquez always possessed appear to best advantage in those early pictures which are simple busts, as "Philip IV. in Armour" (Prado, 1071), and not in those which are full-lengths, as "Philip IV." (Prado, 1073), or the older full-length of Philip in the National Gallery. In his later art, Velasquez never painted a wide view as he would a narrow one, nor a simple subject as a complicated one. When he painted a wide angle of sight, he either concentrated himself on a point, or steeped his whole canvas equally in a soft envelope of light. Indeed, whatever he painted, he always painted the quality of his attention to the scene, and, in virtue of that principle, his best pictures never look spotty, and never tempt one to cut them up into gem-like bits. His *ensemble* is always equally easy to grasp, whether he paints great groups like "Las Meninas" and "The Spinners," solitary full-lengths like "Moenippus" and "Æsop," costume-portraits like "Maria Teresa" (Prado, 1084), or simple busts like the head of Philip (Prado, 1080).

But if the art of all these pictures is based on the same principles, and perhaps for that very reason, the technique is very different in them all. You may note a wonderful variety in Velasquez's style of modelling a head, not only in different periods of his life, but in pictures of the same period, and, what is more, in heads on the same canvas. Some heads are modelled very broadly and softly, without a sharp mark, a hard edge, or small steep planes. The surface slide into each other in a loose, supple manner, that

almost makes them look as if they were shaped in jelly or fluid. Some consist of bold, rough-hewn planes which give a face the force and vigour of firm chiselling. Others, again, are completed to show the finest niceties of shape and inclination, with an intimacy of feeling and a delicacy of proportion that no man has ever equalled. The handling is always discreet and inspired by the necessities of the occasion; neither does it follow a determined pattern, which might impart a frozen and artificial look, nor does it seek an effect of *bravura* dexterity which might arrogate an undue share of attention and interest. Although no certain rule can be laid down, generally speaking, Velasquez inclines to brush in the obvious direction of the forms, so as to supplement tone and structure by the sentiment of the execution. In many cases, however, he smudges so subtly as to convey no sense of direct handling. The limb or object treated seems to grow mysteriously out of dusky depths and to be shaped by real light.

In the foregoing account of the art of Velasquez, it has been contended that his impulse to arrange a canvas grew out of the scene before his eyes; that his severe and stately colour is founded on nature, and that his execution becomes quiet and exact, or burly and impetuous, as the occasion demands. More than any other man's, his work convinces us that he knew what he saw and was incapable of self-deception; it is wholly free from haphazard passages, treacly approximations to tone, or clever tricks and processes that evade rather than resolve a difficulty. Above all, his art is interesting without the extravagance which may kindle a momentary excitement, but is apt, like

POPE INNOCENT X.

and mystery of revelation by true light. If bad tone is often a relic of decorative or monochromatic styles, hard and linear definition often comes from traditions of primitive draughtsmanship.

In the art of outline drawing itself, it is held difficult to perceive the true sweep and sentiment of a long line which contains small indentations often steeper in their slopes than the main inclination of the large contour. In this case, however, experience proves that breadth of treatment can be cultivated by training. It is said that in France drawing can be taught even to a man without a turn for it, but, it may be added, drawing with no merit except that of a proportionate subordination of parts. However this may be, it is certainly more difficult to teach a man to perceive relative values of colour and relative forces of definition. He must not only learn to sweep his eye along one line, but to embrace a whole area with an imaginative grasp of sight. Hence it is easy to observe contiguous values and difficult to note the relation of value between tones separated from each other by a considerable angle at the observer's eye. It requires an impressionist to feel the connection between such values with anything like the sensation of certitude with which one feels the harmony of a chord. That is to say, it requires one whose faculty it is to conceive of all the spots and markings of a scene only in some relation to its whole aspect. The *ensemble* of a scene hypnotises and fascinates an impressionist as if it were a real, personal, and indivisible entity and not a mere sum of small quantities.

PABLILLOS DE VALLADO
ALSO CALLED A BUFFOO
ACTOR, AND A RHETOR

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Breadth of view was Velasquez's most admirable possession; by it he made composition, modelling, and style, the slaves of his impressions. This breadth of view led him in his later pictures to vary his manner of painting according to the sentiment of his impression, so that you will find in his work no pattern of brushwork, no settled degree of intimacy in the modelling, no constantly equal force of realisation in edges, and, in short, no fixed habits or methods of expression. In the comparison of "The Topers" with "Las Meninas," it was pointed out that three single heads which are just sufficiently broad in treatment to look comfortable, would produce, if composed in one frame, a pattern too crowded and spotty from a decorative point of view. But such a compilation of unmodified studies would sin also from an impressionistic point of view. It would imply three focuses of impression, and therefore whatever character each of the separate impressions might have possessed would be jostled out of existence by the others, and it would be impossible that there could be any agreement of meaning between the aspect of the picture and its technique.

To people who have never painted, such terms as impressions, fields of vision, and angles of sight, may seem fanciful, or at least irrelevant to art. An illustration may help to show them that there is no absolute realism of appearance, but that different eyes and different habits of looking at the world would manifest different qualities and different aspects of truth. When a man reads, he does not focus individual letters but takes in a whole line at a glance; so that in ordinary reading for pleasure he overlooks misspellings, reversed

ghosts of objects unless they are made too strange; hence they should not fix the eye, but should play loosely in a free medium, and should carry with them no sharpness of definition, no small varieties of patch, no modelled detail. In comparison with other parts of the picture, they should have no attractive power over the eye, and yet they should come forward and stand in their right place. Now, after some study you will find in "Las Meninas" this same art of distributing the attention. Wide as it is, one looks at it easily as a whole, and at every subdivision as an inseparable part of a scheme. The central Infanta, by the force of light, by the surrounding definitions, by the arrangement of the figures, by the strong opposition of the open door and by the character of the modelling, always holds the key of the situation. But this is not all, for the Dwarf closer to you on the right, as well as Velasquez farther off on the left, are by no means modelled in the same style as the Infanta. The Dwarf looks more diffused in definition and rather resembles the head of "Moenippus" in its large looseness and its floating vagueness. This head, which is well to the side of the canvas, yet nearer to you than the Infanta, is worked with greater amplitude of modelling than the central figures, and with a less concentrated style and a more swimming touch. But there is no shocking distinction of brushwork in the picture, no perplexing splashes that detain a questioning mind even if they allow the eye to pass. At first sight all appears brushed with the same insidious naturalness of manner. Indeed, it is rather by subtlety of definition and the varying treatment of planes at their junctures, that the various interests of the picture are governed

and subordinated. In the modern picture the trick is often too readily perceived and so appears unnatural. In "Las Meninas" the eye is gratified unconsciously by this artifice and the impression of unity is made almost overwhelming, although the means used in no way intrude themselves, and you would swear that all was executed in the same style and by no subtler magic than a reflection in a mirror.

In the busier, richer, and more accentuated canvas of "The Spinners," the shadowed left half acts as a foil to the right, and in its treatment we feel the master even more perhaps than in the lively right half which contains the heroic figure of the spinning girl. It is because this left half is complete and dignified yet not obtrusive that we admire the art with which it has been organised. True, it contains about as strong local colour as Velasquez ever painted, but the tints sleep in a rich, penumbra which serves to set off the highly-illuminated figure on the right. In this comparatively tranquil side of the picture, the spindle, the stool, the floor and the objects on it as well as the draped and shadowed figures, seem to quiver in a warm haze silvered with cool glints of light. Here Velasquez has reached the top point of telling suggestion, of choice touch, of nuanced softness, of comparative definition, and of courageous slashing force in the right place. But these two marvels do not quarrel; this rich circumambiance of populous shadow and this dazzling creature emerging from shadowiness with the gesture of a goddess, set each other off and enhance each other's fascinations. Is not the magic of her exquisitely-turned head, and the magnificence of her sweeping gesture due, in part at least, to the natural

mystery with which the stray curls, the shining arm, the modelled neck and body slide into the marvellous shadow in the angle of the room? The cool light, slightly greened now, which pervades "The Spinners," comes to its culmination on this figure, and one should not overlook the painter's nice discrimination between the force of definitions in the passages from light to dark of the girl's chemise. The immense breadth of the surroundings, the fluid looseness of the inferior markings in "The Spinners" helps to make the girl more really divine than the neighbouring Virgin by Murillo. In spite of her crescent moon, her cherubs, her pillowy clouds, and other religious paraphernalia, she is but a pretty ordinary girl whose hands, mouth, and hair are softly but cheaply modelled, in comparison to those of a figure by Velasquez.

In the octagon room close to "The Spinners" hangs the costume-picture "Maria Teresa," which Justi believes to be a portrait of the "Princess Margaret," the Infanta of "Las Meninas." She stands directly facing the light in a wonderfully elaborate balloon dress, embroidered with a complicated pattern of silver and pink and gleaming jewellery. In one hand she holds a rose, in the other a lace handkerchief, and on the left behind her in the shadow a red curtain droops in heavy folds. No pupil touched the smallest accessory of this extraordinary costume; lace, ruffles, embroidery, every inch of the dress is painted by Velasquez, with a running slippery touch which appears careless near at hand, but which at the focus gives colour, pattern, sparkle, and underlying form with the utmost precision and completeness. The shadow behind the figure is aerial in quality, deep but not

heavy, and silvered like the passages in light, so that black would tell upon it as a rude brutality of tone. Near "Maria Teresa," you may see work of many kinds; the beginnings of paint in a Van Eyck, contemporary art in the Murillo, and not far off A. Moro's "Mary Tudor," painted for Philip II. Then there is "David Rycksert," Van Dyck's dark portrait of a man in a fur-lined robe, very finely and frankly painted, although without the finesse of the "Maria Teresa." Rembrandt's "Artemisia" may not rank among his good paintings, and certainly its gloom is heavy and its transitions from shadow to light are harsh in comparison to similar passages in the work of Velasquez. Examination of these pictures and others will help to show the infinite delicacy which Velasquez attained in the art of modelling, for beside his "Maria Teresa" all other pictures seem to lack the subtlety of real light.

It is instructive to compare the treatment of the dresses in "Maria Teresa" and in "Las Meninas." The dress of the single portrait sparkles all over with vivacities of touch, but the broad, flatter treatment of the dress in the larger group better agrees with a rendering of attention spread over a wide view. Owing to this sensitive feeling for the whole impression, "Las Meninas," spread out as it is and full of strong points, never tires the eye and never appears uncomfortably crowded. Its detail nowhere intrudes unduly and nowhere suggests a rival impression to the main one. In fact, it is no more cut up proportionately than the single portrait, although it embraces many more figures. It was, however, this dashing, rippling execution of "Maria Teresa" that chiefly struck the pupils of

MARIA TERESA

Velasquez, and one can see very good imitations of it in the work of his son-in-law, J. B. del Mazo. Perhaps solider, simpler work would have been more usefully studied. Many painters in the present century have been taken rather with the master's subordination of detail and his breadth of modelling, than with his dexterity in brushwork.

In all the best canvases of Velasquez, you will find the accessories vitalised by just degrees of force instead of being killed by an equal realisation all over the canvas. So it is in the "Moenippus," the "Æsop," and the Dwarf with a dog called "Antonio el Inglese." The workmanship of this last a little resembles that of "Maria Teresa" in its vivacious expression of detail with a flowing brush. The ornaments of the dress, the hat and feather, and the dog itself, are all given with a gusto that never seems to interfere with true drawing and broad modelling. The handling of "Æsop" is graver and more stately, but everything here is also in its right place and of the right force, down to the subdued finish and elegant accuracy of the light on the water on the bucket. One cannot help feeling that Manet, the painter of "Le bon Bock," and other magnificently painted heads, must have felt in close sympathy with the handling of the face in "Æsop." Again, when one looks at the "Sculptor Montañés," one thinks of Carolus-Duran; of the Whistler of "Lady Archibald Campbell" when one sees "Moenippus"; and of the Sargent who painted "Mrs Hammersley" and "El Jaleo," when one stands before "Maria Teresa" and "The Spinners."

In fact, when we look back upon the variety of all these pictures, we are convinced that Velasquez never

used style for its own sake. Whether you look at a point of his composition, colouring, modelling, or handling, it appears always to have been decided by the aspect of each picture and not by preconceived principles. His composition is never a pattern forced upon nature, his drawing is not an effort to realise abstract contours, his colour is not the harmony of positive tints understood by a milliner, his brush changes with his impressions, as the tones of a man's voice with his emotions.

Thus in "Philip IV." (Prado, 1080), no brushwork is visible as befits an almost perfect attempt at the illusion of light. This smoothness, however, has no kinship with the polish of Raphael, which was a mannerism applied to everything. The earlier "Forge of Vulcan" shows a more evident workmanship, nowhere rough or sweeping, though you may note several instances of brushing across the shape of the limb, for Velasquez was never pedantic in his use of principles. "The Spinners" may be quoted as an example of the painter's art of touching accessories broadly, and in this connection one should look also at the slashing lights on the horse in the "Equestrian Olivares." The "Sculptor Montañés," the best portrait of the middle period, forestalls modern logicality of treatment; one may note the bold certainty with which Velasquez establishes the form of the eye socket, the planes of the nose and cheeks in this broad and stately portrait. No lines are wanted to bring out the shapes; the painter's science of values is all-sufficient. Even in "Maria Teresa," which is a miracle of dexterous touch, the handling is obedient to fact and expresses matter before manner. The

SWANTYRE

large, soft style of brushing used in "Moenippus," "Las Meninas," etc., may be seen on a smaller scale in the "Philip IV. Old," of the National Gallery. Lastly, the management of trees by Velasquez, in his later period, as in "The Avenue" (Prado, 1110), may be compared in beauty, even to the work of Corot. He has felt to the full the soft, bowery umbrageousness of trees, and has seen that for the most part they cut against the sky with a blurred, vaporous line. As a tree is deep as well as broad, it can seldom relieve as a jagged line against a background; and as leaves are very small, and set one behind the other, the saw-edge of the contour of detachment becomes merely a line softened with such a burr as you see in dry-point.

CHAPTER IX

HIS RELATION TO OLDER ART

To the eye of the historian, Velasquez may seem to grow out of the main stem of art; he may appear to have his place in the orderly development of the history of painting. To the eye of the sympathetic modern painter, he seems an explosion of personality as disconnected with the art that immediately followed him as with that which preceded him. I believe that the expert in mannerisms has tried to fix his measuring apparatus upon the pictures of Velasquez, but to no good purpose. The counting of curls, the measuring of thumbs, the tracing of poses, may reveal something when applied to men who learnt to draw and paint formulas by rote, but must break down in the case of a man with whom drawing is not a habit but an art. Velasquez taught himself to picture the impression made by any sight upon his brain. This system of training, which aims at improving the sight, at cultivating a mood, at gaining a general faculty, has banished the other system of learning a set of proportions, a stock of patterns, a host of tips for drawing separate limbs and other natural objects. Nothing astonishes a modern painter more than to see a historian ransack every gallery to find a precedent for the style of a hand in a picture, rather than admit the

THE DWARF "EL BOBO DE CORIA," AN IDIOT

possibility that an artist could choose one for himself in the vast magazine of nature. Personal preference, artistic impressionability, the counsel of a passing mood, the testimony of a sensitive eye, are not these sufficient reasons for the appearance of some given form in a picture? Moreover, a picture cannot be the efficient, the first cause of a picture; all true art originates in the personal predilections of an individual mind, and in personal sensitiveness to external nature. The rest is disguised copying, artistic or inartistic mannerism. Now, of all painters, Velasquez was the one who tampered least with the integrity of his impression of the world. Every one of his pictures was a fresh effort, less at finding a new and striking subject than at realising more absolutely a way of seeing things in general that was personal to him. Hence he never tired of repetition, for the good reason that it was no repetition to him in the sense that successive Madonnas and saints were to the early Italians, who cooked them out of receipts for thumbs, hair, draperies, ovals of faces, noses and poses.

This makes the study of his work at Madrid as trying as the study of some dozen old Italian masters.

Although during a too short visit to the Prado I looked at the rest of the gallery only as a background to the pictures of Velasquez, I cannot speak of him without feeling a want of fuller knowledge and, above all, of the advantage of having made one or two copies. It was some consolation, after leaving Madrid, to hear from the Scotch painter, Mr John Lavery, that he had not found six months of study and careful copying sufficient to settle his opinions on the pictures of Velasquez. Upon his return in a following year, he

found unexpected beauties in some canvases, he looked at others as if he had never seen them before, while the copy that in Scotland had been to him and to other painters the very interpretation of Velasquez, now seemed lacking the essential spirit of the master. Thus whether one gives a week or a year to the Prado, one comes back convinced that one cannot have sounded all the depths of a man who never did anything as a skilled automaton or a learned pedant.

Of course it is in the later canvases, in the works of the last dozen years of his life, that Velasquez makes the most marvelous use of paint. But the marvel is not of the kind one looks for. In the large impressionistic canvases of his later life, one might expect to see the bold, dexterous brusher surpassing even Ribera, Hals, or the mature Rembrandt in the *bravura* of his handiwork. On the contrary, as I have said, the paint at first sight scarcely appears to be intentionally handled; it seems put on, I might say, without art, if that did not give a false view; for in truth it is put on with consummate art in the interest of the whole canvas, and not for the style of the passage itself. Without flourish, for the most part without even an appearance of brush strokes, the paint is smeared in thin filmy scales which vary in size, looseness, and breadth, with the necessities of the subject and the composition. It is a style founded on the pursuit of more than usually just and subtle modelling, a modelling which changes character with the size of the canvas, with the width or narrowness of the field of view, and with the position near or far from the focus of impression of an object to be modelled. It is a style compatible with revision and correction, for it in no way depends upon the integrity of some arbitrary pattern of

THE DWARF
SEBASTIAN DE MORRA

touch, square, sweeping, or interwoven. This apparent artlessness surprises one at first, but becomes in the end a chief charm of the later Velasquez, who was too great, too earnest, too far-seeing, to care for small affectations of manner. In these pictures nothing seems to interpose between you and the mind of Velasquez. You seem to be behind his eye, able to judge and to feel, with all the power and sensitiveness of that unrivalled organ. In a word, his work resembles the fine writing in which style is so docile a servant of matter, that it never draws attention to itself; you read as you might eat a meal in the Arabian Nights, served by invisible hands.

In spite of the example of Velasquez, some modern painters fear a close study of drawing, values, or modelling; and through their timidity they leave an impression in a vague state, half-true, half-realised, a state of fever or of sleepiness. Not nature, but the man's impression of nature, should be complete and definite. Their fear of drawing and modelling is unfounded; in the hands of Velasquez these accomplishments never became mechanical, never degenerated from inspired seeing to trained labour. Need we fear to advance towards truth and accuracy, when he who adventured farthest seems to encourage us by the grandeur and surpassing sentiment that rewarded his devotion to the *métier*?

Whilst looking at his pictures, one may remember amongst his predecessors and the painters of his choice, Caravaggio, Greco, Ribera, Sanchez Coello, and notably Titian and Tintoretto. The spirit that animated Caravaggio and Ribera may be seen in the solidity, real form, and fine handling of "The Forge of Vulcan"

and "The Topers." In Greco you may see something of the simplicity and sober colouring of his single portraits, and in Coello a prophecy of his flesh colours of grey ash quality and of his early accuracy in the accessories of dress.

Greco is often spoken of as a man to whom Velasquez was directly indebted for his style. While Greco certainly adopted a Spanish gravity of colouring, neither that nor his modelling was ever subtle or thoroughly natural. Yet in such portraits as Prado 243, 245, there is more suppleness and breadth than Velasquez had ever displayed up to the date of Greco's death at Toledo in 1625. One of these examples of Greco's work (No. 243) hangs just above the early Velasquez, "Philip IV." (1071), and while one admits Greco's superior freedom and ease of style, one perhaps admires still more the inborn power of seeing shown by the modelling of the mouth of this early Velasquez. While Velasquez ripened with age and practice, Greco was rather inclined to get rotten with facility.

Velasquez had opportunities of studying other painters than Greco as soon as he became Court painter, and it is known that his admiration was early turned to the work of Venice. He often praised Titian's execution as well as Tintoretto's rendering of light and the just depth of space. On the authority of Boschini, Carl Justi records a conversation between Salvator Rosa and Velasquez, which throws some light on the Spaniard's natural tastes. Salvator had asked whether after all he had seen in Italy he did not think Raphael the best, to which Velasquez replied, "Raphael, to be plain with you, for I like to be candid and outspoken, does not please me at all." Then Salvator said, "In that case,

there can apparently be nobody to your taste in Italy, for to him we yield the crown." And Velasquez answered, "In Venice are found the good and the beautiful; to their brush I give the first place; it is Titian that bears the banner." Velasquez, indeed, must have admired the breadth and envelopment of the pictures of Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio, Veronese, and certainly the style of such a portrait as the "Andrea Odoni" by Lotto, which was exhibited in the New Gallery, January 1895. On the other hand, he could scarcely be expected to sympathise with the art of Raphael; and his outspokenness has been amply repaid in all ages by the frank dislike of all Raphaelites for his own work. We could not wish artists otherwise; were they tepid to the beauties they see in the world, they could arouse in us but a feeble response to their works. Art without personal prejudice would become an affair of science in which truth depends on argument and not on personal convictions. Painting, in that case, would be abandoned by artistic minds for some field of enterprise which was unattainable by mathematical processes, and which still offered free elbow-room for the sport of the emotions and the play of personality.

But before Velasquez saw Italy he must have seen the superb portrait "Mary Tudor" (Prado, 1484), by Antonio More. The lesson of a picture which is absolutely sincere to the principle of sight of its author cannot have been lost upon Velasquez. This portrait stops everyone and communicates the shock of contact with a real person. I say "shock" advisedly, for it is over-modelled after the manner of those who have fine eyes and are not impressionists. It betrays invincible

perseverance, care, and close perception, but it reveals nothing magically like a late portrait by Velasquez. Having seen it, you are done with it, and cannot hope to find fresh beauties dawning on you each time you return. The thing is too set, too tightly frozen into definite lines in the features. Mary Tudor would never have so looked to any one in her life. This determined hunting down of every separate feature has ended in something more rigid than flesh, something more like a caricature than an impression, something more like a diagram than the changeable reality of nature. It is a record, perhaps, for the historian, not a revelation for the poet. Yet beyond this ideal I scarcely think Velasquez travelled until he was over thirty. It will be remembered that the "Mary Tudor" hangs on the same wall with the "Sculptor Montañés," "The Spinners," and "Maria Teresa," by Velasquez. The comparison here offered is worth making by any one who goes to Madrid.

The power of seizing a speaking resemblance such as we see in "Mary Tudor" has been always accorded to Velasquez. It is a merit which cannot be denied him as it was denied Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other great painters who often executed a fantasia on the *motif* of the person painted. Titian's "François Premier" is shrewdly doubted on the score of likeness in the present day, and Dutch burghers in the past preferred Van der Helst to Rembrandt. It was in the cause of beauty that these great artists sacrificed the accurate map of the features that pleases family friends and the profusion of hard accessories that ministers to family pride.

CRISTOBAL DE PERNIA
CALLED "BABARROJA"

A painter may not with impunity take the free generous style of Titian and Rembrandt and correct it with a dose of the patient accuracy of tamer spirits. Grandeur and carefulness will usually quarrel like a medicine of ill-mixed ingredients in a patient's stomach. Men who have been as conscientiously truthful as Velasquez have painted worse than he has and have not attained the same kind of truth. The intimacy which is so much admired in Velasquez was not arrived at by deliberate eclecticism, but by the inspiration of a genius for seeing things freshly. He learnt to see differently from Antonio More, to care for larger truths; and it was this fine imaginative seeing that gave a charm to the world in his eyes and prompted his brush to nobler fashions of expression. For what great thing can be done in art with only patience, method, and accuracy of eye? Those who have tried and failed, but who take heart to understand the success of great men, know that mere trouble only ends in elaboration of the part and disorganisation of the whole; at best in the dull topographical chart of the features which misses the divine enchantment of the finest art. Yet one may search through the Prado in vain to find any portrait, outside of the work of Velasquez, more thoroughly studied than "Mary Tudor," more evidently the report of a trustworthy eye. "L'homme au gant," or the still finer "Young Man unknown" by Titian in the Louvre, not to speak of "Titian's Mistress," are incomparably more beautiful art than "Mary Tudor"; they are less intimate, however. It is only Velasquez who is as penetrating as More, as poetical and artistic as Titian. "Titian's Mistress," it is not possible to

imagine even Velasquez able to better, but one feels that he, and perhaps he alone, could have corrected a certain hardness in the modelling of "L'homme au gant," and an unwise precision in certain lines of the glove, hair, etc.

MARIANA DE AUSTRIA
SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV.

CHAPTER X

HIS INFLUENCE UPON RECENT ART

To see the Prado is to modify one's opinion of the novelty of recent art. Landscape and landscape with figure may be more independent of the past, but figure painting certainly owes much to Velasquez. Whether directly or indirectly, whether consciously or unconsciously, artists have decided after half-a-century of exploration to follow the path of Velasquez. Not that they have plagiarised, but that in the natural growth of ideas, the seed of thought has been blown from Spain to every part of the world. The process, however, was a slow one. Writers on Velasquez have been few; in the past Pacheco, the master and father-in-law of Velasquez, and Palomino, painter to Philip V.; in the present century Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, Richard Ford, T. Thoré, Carl Justi, and one or two others. But writing can do nothing to help art, unless like a sign-post it makes painters aware of the road to a certain kind of art. They must walk it themselves, and we find that those who saw and spoke enthusiastically of Velasquez in the early portion of the century went little out of their way to understand him. Sir David Wilkie preferred "The Topers" to the later work, and John Philip, if he learnt anything from Velasquez, learnt from the early pictures certain receipts in colouring and in hand-

ling a brush, but not the courage to work entirely without receipts.

The return to nature of the French Romantics of 1815 to 1855 was guided rather by the example of Rubens, Rembrandt, Lawrence, and Constable, than by that of Velasquez. A Gros, a Gericault, a Delacroix, however vigorously painted, shows only a realism of subject, of textures, of detail, of drawing, but never a realism of general aspect that could approach the convincing truth of the later impressionism of Velasquez. It was in landscape with figure that France independently worked out the principles of a new art, and even Corot seems to hold one hand to the Romantics, and the other to the schools of 1865-95. The names of Courbet, Manet, Carolus-Duran, Whistler, Henner, will occur to everyone as characteristic of the departure of the present movement in art. Without doubt, Bonnat, E. Delaunay, A. Legros, and others have revived our interest in style, our assiduity in modelling, but after fashions less particular to our own age. I am more acquainted with M. Carolus-Duran's views and system than with those of others, and I think that he differs from French Romantics much as Velasquez differed from Rubens and Rembrandt.

Duran set himself to teach art less on the venerable principles of outline drawing than on a method adapted to his own fashion of looking at nature—by masses and by constructive planes. Of course, Duran taught drawing, but likely enough his method was not suitable to every kind of talent, for he separated drawing from modelling with the brush as little as possible. According to him the whole art of expressing form should progress together and should consist in expressing it,

as we see it, by light. He regarded drawing as the art of placing things rightly in depth as well as in length and breadth; and for this purpose he would call attention to various aspects of form—the intersection and prolongation of imaginary lines, the shape of inclosed spaces, the interior contents of masses, the inclination of planes to light, and the expression or characteristic tendency of any visible markings.

Very far back in history there was probably a sort of folk-drawing as there was folk-music consisting of conventions for expressing individual objects to be learnt by rote as we learn the shapes of the countries from an atlas. Then came the stage of canons of proportion as we find them still discussed by Dürer and Leonardo in their attempts to formalise the vague traditions of the past. From this we pass in the books of that same Leonardo to the third stage based on the sciences of perspective and anatomy. Relics of the first two stages are still to be found amongst schoolboys who hand down "tips" for drawing men and objects, and never dream of going to look at any object for themselves. "Show me how to draw a man," or "I haven't learnt how one does a pig yet," are phrases commonly heard amongst that kind of practitioner. This rule of thumb tradition grows from various sources, stray personal memories or observations, and fragmentary recollections of the work of such schools of first-hand study from nature as the Greek and Assyrian. The sciences in their turn were very useful to those who would group figures from *chic*, cultivate improvement of type, and introduce tumbled and floating figures into great ceiling decorations.

As in Greece, so in later Europe, it was portraiture that kept art sincere and vital. But in spite of that influence, figure subjects remained long in the conventional stage. Leonardo's constant appeal to nature was not the mere commonplace saw that it is to-day. He found it necessary to enforce his view on every point; on drawing, on perspective, on chiaroscuro, on the value of colours at various distances, on the art of modelling, which he describes as too often consisting of an arbitrary passage from dark to light by the use of two or three stock tones brushed together.

Is it wonderful that you can apply Morelli's principles of criticism to the Pre-Raphaelite Italian schools: that you can point to the thumbs, fingers, poses of the head, ovals of the face, and schemes of colour that the painters learnt by heart, and can even say from whom they learnt? The later Venetians broke away, and when you come to Velasquez, the system holds good as little as it can in our own day. Velasquez taught his eye so to report sight that he could render the familiar or the unfamiliar, and could communicate directly with what was before him without the intervention of traditional rules or scientific study. His name was for ever in the mouth of Carolus-Duran, when he spoke of the past, but it was not to induce his students to copy even Velasquez. For instance, the influence of Corot was great at that time, and I have heard Duran say, "When you go into the fields you will not see a Corot; paint what you see." He wished to direct their education so that his pupils might attack nature from whatever side they pleased. The prerogative of grasping what is before you does not preclude you from afterwards learning to do with-

THE DWARF CALLED
"ANTONIO EL INGLESE"

out the model, and to paint what you imagine instead of what you see, but it provides you a perpetual stronghold in case of defeat, and a base of operations for future excursions into the unknown.

In his "Manual of Oil Painting," the Hon. John Collier says, "To whatever use he may mean to put his art eventually, the one thing that he has to learn, *as a student*, is how to represent faithfully any object that he has before him," and in another place, "there is nothing so deadening to the imagination as to try to express it with inadequate means." Velasquez, by the admission of all the artists in Rome, alone painted reality, the others, some decorative convention. When, in the present century, truth of impression became the governing ideal of art, Velasquez became the prophet of the new schools. At that time in France, any *coterie* of young painters hired a studio, and chose for themselves the master whose art promised them guidance in a sympathetic path. Having themselves chosen the direction, the students were all the more likely to bear with the weariness and the obstacles of the road. For those who had asked his aid, Carolus-Duran formulated the principles of his own art, and enforced them by an appeal to the practice of others and, before all, of Velasquez.

By his method of teaching, he hoped at least to give the student a knowledge of what he saw, and a logical grasp of the principles of sight. After a slight search of proportions with charcoal, the places of masses were indicated with a rigger dipped in flowing pigment. No preparation in colour or monochrome was allowed, but the main planes of the face must be laid directly on the unprepared canvas with a

broad brush. These few surfaces—three or four in the forehead, as many in the nose, and so forth—must be studied in shape and place, and particularly in the relative value of light that their various inclinations produce. They were painted quite broadly in even tones of flesh tint, and stood side by side like pieces of a mosaic, without fusion of their adjacent edges. No brushing of the edge of the hair into the face was permitted, no conventional bounding of eyes and features with lines that might deceive the student by their expression into the belief that false structure was truthful. In the next stage you were bound to proceed in the same manner by laying planes upon the junctions of the larger ones or by breaking the larger planes into smaller subordinate surfaces. You were never allowed to brush one surface into another, you must make a tone for each step of a gradation. Thus, you might never attempt to realise a tone or a passage by some hazardous uncontrollable process.

M. Carolus-Duran believed that if you do not approach tone by direct painting you will never know what you can do, and will never discover whether you really feel any given relation, or the values of any contrasting surfaces. The first stages of this work looked like portraits of wooden figures cut with a knife in sharp-edged, unsoftened facets. The effect on the Ruskinian of this hideous and pitiless logic was terrible. Most of them sickened at the strong medicine, and fled from the too heroic cure for the namby-pamby modelling which trusts for expression to a red line between the lips, a contour line to the nose, and a careful rigger track round the eyes and eyebrows. I have felt the first spasms of this disgust, and I praise the master

who stayed, not the pupil who fled. If Duran was not squeamish at criticising and touching these awful dolls, why should the pupil take pride in the weakness of his stomach. Duran had little patience with the æsthete and conventional sentimentalist, and nothing amused him more than the "loss of my originality," a plea often put forward by men still blind to the ordinary aspect of nature. He was pitiless to the transparent colour dodge, the badger-hair hypocrisy, and the hopeful haphazard glazings of the sentimentalist who cannot shape a nose, and would show all Browning's works in a face.

This severe system, it must be remembered, served merely as the gymnastic of art, it was a means of education for the eye, not a trick of mannerism, or a ready-made style of painting. Had not Duran's studio been already described, I believe in the *Nineteenth Century*, I should have said more of the teaching of a great painter whose only recognised master was Velasquez. There is, however, one point that I must mention, as it throws a light on the simplicity of Velasquez's flesh tints and the surprising subtlety and clearness of his modelling of shape. Everyone knows that insubordination of the eye or that false estimation of comparative importances in nature which led some painters to exaggerate spots of local colour, definitions of detail, reflected lights, or, in fact, anything dangerous to the peace of the *ensemble*. They so treated the skin, as to embarrass modelling, which is the first quality in a face, for the sake of accidental spots, which are of little count in that most even and luminous of substances, flesh.

If you will paint the trivial and the uncharacteristic,

your picture must be commonplace; for what affects us in a picture is that for which it was painted, the things, in fact, for which the aspect of the canvas was designed. It is not sufficient to put things into a work of art, it is necessary to see that they look out from it perspicuously and with the greatest possible effect. A certain pattern, a certain shape, may be somewhere on a canvas, but it may lie there as well hid as the secret of a puzzle picture. The person who never sees anything particular to look at in a scene, alone thinks he can show everything to equal advantage by a labour of addition. The man with only a sense of decoration is saved this last humiliation of mistaking trouble for feeling, counting for being impressed, and measuring for seeing. He knows that every extra marking on a canvas increases the danger that a design may be choked and modelling buried in a welter of dots or a labyrinth of subordinate pattern. The English stipple of colours, chiefly seen about the eyes, ears, and the edges of shadows, always drew from Duran his famous "Pourquoi ces trente six mille couleurs." We saw them, of course, not in nature, but in our memories of the cadmium, lake, green, and blue spots of the English pictures of that date. It was an easy task to seize on the excuse for these coloured spots, a difficult one to embrace the relations of the *ensemble* that reduced them to their true insignificance. The ornaments of an exaggerated colouring may be compared to the graces of rhyme in an accented language, such as English. Dignity stumbles over these recurrent obstacles, and if the sense skips them cleverly, it is at the expense of earnestness and reality.

The sight of Velasquez at Madrid does not make

PHILIP IV. (OLD)

us look upon the works of Regnault, Courbet, Manet, Carolus-Duran, Monet, Henner, Whistler, Degas, Sargent, and the rest, as plagiary. It rather gives the man of our century confidence that he is following a path not unlike that trod to such good purpose by the great Spaniard. To reach the goal of impressionism cost Velasquez thirty years of exploration, and then it was gained only for the expression of his own views. Velasquez, except in his few landscapes, never applied his principles to the thorough realisation of *plein-air* effects. Thus, the path pursued by men of the present century, though by no means identical, passes through similar stages and progressions. Decorative formulas, and the successive realism of various separate qualities—subject, form, colour, and atmosphere—bestrew the path from Gros to Manet, just as they mark the stages in the development of the solitary Velasquez.

Corot and Millet took his principles into the open air; the first painting landscape with figures, the second figures with landscapes. Of these Corot was the purest impressionist, Millet hanging more evidently on the chain of Romantics from Michael Angelo and Rembrandt to his own Barbizonian school. Regnault, especially in the face of his "Marshal Prim," shows a fellow-feeling with Velasquez in his second period of the great equestrian portraits. Duran avoided bright coloured subjects less than Velasquez, and reduced his handling to a more formal and logical pattern. Henner, half a Classic and half a Romantic by nature, took up the nude and worked it on more distinctly decorative *motifs* of colour, and on a softer but less subtle principle of modelling. Whistler combined a

morbid Japanese grace with the Spanish austerity of impression, and saw things with a *raffiné's* attraction to elegance, and the quintessence of modishness. In "The Nocturnes," in "The Japaneseries," in "Miss Alexander," in the portrait of his mother, he breaks away into a game of his own. If not more original than others, Manet was perhaps the strongest and widest in his originality of all the revivers of impressionism. He is as various in his moods as daylight, and, except in one or two heads, such as "Le Bon Bock," shows nothing of his long study of Velasquez, unless in the underlying convention common to all impressionists.

CHAPTER XI

THE LESSON OF IMPRESSIONISM

THE more one sees of artists, the more one learns of their dependence on the model; the more one sees them eager to study the thing painted. But they apply to nature for different purposes, for anatomy, for surface character, for colour, for details, for movements, for values, for an impression of effect, for arrangements to fill a given space. Great painters of all schools from Leonardo to Whistler have so often acknowledged nature as the mistress that the admission becomes a truism were it not capable of being understood in so many different ways. It is a fresh reading of this precept that makes a new art; other considerations then become means to an end. Composition, colour, brushing, etc., receive a new consideration. Their effectiveness and their possibilities of style are overhauled and esteemed according as they can forward the expression of the central conception of natural beauty.

Carducho, a colleague of Velasquez, waged war against the influence of naturalism in art, exalting traditional and learned painting above sensitiveness to nature. But Michael Angelo, a fountain of learning and a head source of idealism, rose from the bowels of nature, springing, it is true, from another soil than Velasquez, from the objective rather than the subjective

position. He grubbed into the depths of anatomy and studied nature as it was, concerning himself comparatively little with its aspect to the eye or its relation to the nerves of vision. To the learned decorator it seemed but a trivial thing to catch the flavour of life whilst filling a panel, to recreate in the subtle structures of the eye vibrations of a long hereditary past, and to recommend a present sentiment to the spectator's old habits of visual emotion. However, as we have seen in the history of mathematical invention, a new calculus is never to be counted useless. It is like the seeds which they say lie everywhere in the soil ready to sprout after fires or any favourable changes in the soil. So naturalism has grown like a grain of mustard-seed and the impressionism of Velasquez overshadows art. The test of a new thing is not utility, which may appear at any moment like a shoot with the first favouring breath of spring. The test is the kind and amount of human feeling and intellect put into the work. Could any fool do it? Now, in this matter of depicting truth there are eyesights of all grades of breadth, of grandeur, of subtlety, and art has more than the delicacy of a tripos examination in tailing out as in a foot-race all the talents and capabilities of the competitors.

The great idealist of Italy was admirable, but he is dead, his work is done, and when it was doing it was at least based on matter, on anatomy, on the laws of decoration. There is a modern idealist whose whole cause seems to be hatred of matter, of the truth, of the visible, of the real, and a consequent craving for the spiritual, the non-material. That this man should choose painting or sculpture, the most material, the

THE GOD MARS

most tied to representation of the arts seems indeed a non-sense.

Yet one cannot help feeling some sympathy with those who start on this hopeless cruise, who wreck the ship whilst steering to some visionary island of spiritualism. They are as those who dream of ideal love, and yet forgive no shortcoming, and persistently despise and misuse ordinary human affections, as those who wish for a perfect society and cannot take pains to understand their own day or their own country. This temperament is ruinous to the artist. He neglects the material base of art, despises drawing and modelling, and sacrifices the conquest of nature as readily as a faddist, the well-being of a great empire to his dreams. The true artist's thought is of his material, of its beauties, of its limitations, of its propriety to the task proposed. He has to achieve beauty, but under conditions—of fact, of decoration, of a medium. It may be seen in the work of Velasquez that there is no base reality; that the commonplace lies only in the method of a mean, a small, and an inartistic eye. It was not only his immediate subjects but the whole art of seeing that Velasquez dignified in his paintings.

Leon Pelouse, the French landscape-painter, used to say that the gift of the naturalist lay in the power of recreating the eye of childhood. When the child first sees—before he can walk, before he can know what all these coloured spots of various shapes and strengths may mean—he receives from a field of sight an impression of the values of colour and the forces of definition utterly unadulterated by knowledge of distance, depth, shape, utility, and the commercial, religious, or sexual importance of objects. Indeed,

he is not biassed by that chief disturber of impression, the knowledge that any objects exist; in fact, he sees men as trees walking. He sees patterns, and it takes him years to know what these patterns, these changing gradations, these varying smudges signify, and when he has learnt that, in proportion as he has succeeded, so he has ceased to know the original vision, and to perceive mentally the signs by which he originally determined the truth.

If the conventionality of an art that expresses three dimensions by two was not enough to assure us, then the foregoing statement must make it certain that the modern painter should concern himself very much about what seems, and scarcely at all about what is. Yet people will tell you that it is just the impressionist picture which looks strange to them, and the illogical dictionary of small objects which looks natural. The observation that a horse at a distance is not of the same shape as a horse near at hand is at least as old as Leonardo. He describes how the limbs disappear first, the neck and head next, as the distance increases, until you are aware only of an oblong or oval splash. But practice lagged long behind theory, and there are painters to-day, especially in England, who would not paint the real appearance of an object at different distances. They are behind the scenes, as it were, and, knowing that they are to produce a horse, they paint it exactly as they have studied it near at hand, only they make it small, like a toy, because it is far off. Some hundreds of years ago they would have refused even that concession to the then strange and novel art of perspective. These toy boats on the sea, these toy cows in the meadows, these toy soldiers in the battle-

ST. ANTHONY VISITING ST. PAUL

field, are not big things seen far off, but little miniatures near at hand, compelled by perspective to occupy a false position on the canvas.

Many Royal Academy pictures, and the most popular ones, are still full of these comic little dolls, which pretend to realism of effect. Such rude compilations of objects, studied at different focuses, are easily shown to be logically defective, but it is less easy to perceive the more subtle disaster incurred by a similar fault in figure subjects, where everything takes place somewhat close at hand. Comparison of the definitions and gradations of a fine Velasquez with those of an ordinary picture is, perhaps, the most ready way to perceive the vulgarity of the cheap method which exaggerates outlines, and replaces tone and gradation by false explanatory definition. To draw a silly line in a mouth, eye, or nose, where no line should be, merely because you have been taught painting by means of chalk-drawing, implies a gross violation of the lighting of a portrait, just as putting toy boats and cows in the distance implies a contradiction of perspective.

What is the harm, you may ask, of painting a picture piecemeal, since it is on the flat, and may be viewed from any distance? Cannot the canvas always be easily embraced by the eye as a whole? Quite so, and, because it then fails to give a truthful impression of the field it offers, it deceives expectation and violates the confidence of the eye. The compilation of sketches, or focuses of impression, induces false perspective, false values, false colour, a false proportion of detail to mass, and a combination of interests in false relation to the interests of the whole picture. Velasquez may have painted "Las Meninas" how he pleased, yet he kept

before himself a single impression of the scene, and therefore he succeeds in conveying it to the spectator. He may have studied each figure separately; he may have stood nearer to them in so doing than he makes the spectator appear to stand, but, if so, his artistic conviction of the true aspect of the *ensemble* was sufficiently strong to prevent him from executing his picture solely for the sake of each square yard he successively tackled. How many pictures of the scope of "Las Meninas," or "The Spinners," comfortably fill the eye as they do, and absorb the attention so justly and evenly all over that, at a certain distance, the sight neither wanders nor sticks at special points?

Everybody knows the condition under which a man receives an effective visual impression, one that goes to mould his view of the world. Whether he is looking at a piece of still life, or is standing in a vast landscape, he looks in a half dream; he ceases to think, to feel his own identity, for his whole consciousness is absorbed in the eye. At these moments a certain focus is used, a certain width of field is embraced, and these are not determined by the man's conscious will, but by the nature of his impression. To shift that focus to make that field larger or smaller is to destroy the mood which produced the impression.

If a cardboard of nearly ten inches wide be held at arm's-length it can be comfortably regarded as a whole, and of course any view, however distant, that it might cover. But if it be placed at forty feet from the eye, not without intentional effort or strain can the whole attention be exclusively centred upon its area. On the other hand, if it be held at about ten inches from the eye one can embrace as a whole no more than such a

LA INFANTA
DOÑA MARGARITA MARIA

small bit of it as would cover the entire cardboard held at arm's-length. It would be wrong to say that it is impossible to paint a larger field of sight than is naturally embraced as one whole by the eye, but it is certain that one would be compelled to determine the force of many values or definitions in this too wide field by reason instead of by feeling. Safety would lie only in a very conventional line of treatment. Many realists, however, would paint the scene covered by the cardboard held at ten inches from the eye by adding together innumerable little impressions of fields covered by the cardboard at forty feet from the eye. As far as a perception of the *ensemble* goes, they remain as much in the dark as a child of the final result of a long sum in addition.

To lay down strict rules in such matters of feeling as the width of an area of impression would be to fetter practice, but it is curious to note that Leonardo, centuries ago, suggested that the painter should be supposed to stand at a distance from his picture of three times its largest measurement. It was Leonardo also who proposed to show the effect of distance on local colour by painting on a sheet of glass held up before the subject of a picture. The value of the green of an elm at a hundred yards from you could be thus compared with the value of that same green at two or three hundred yards. In the same way, if any one desires to convince himself of the subtleties of natural definitions, let him take a brush and pretend to paint, on the pane of a window, the view which he sees through the glass. When he would follow the sinuosities of form, obey the subtle changes of definition, do justice to the myriad delicacies of detail,

he will confess that he has undertaken a task too delicate for the nicest of Pre-Raphaelite nigglers. It will be plain to him that the scene must be "treated," and the main relations alone given. Twigs, stones, slates, grass, leaves, can only be suggested; an attempt to define them really could result in nothing but a coarse travesty, which must inevitably lessen the effect of the more important markings. By varying his distance from the pane, the experimenter may convince himself that the difficulties of painting the scene increase as the field of sight widens. He will see that a wide angle must be treated differently from a narrow one, a *motif* with one bold, detaching mass, differently from one containing several smaller importances. Besides meeting these more evident exigencies, he must allow something for personal feeling. He will find out how to realise on canvas the impression of some object, how it should be placed on the canvas, how much field shall surround it, and what portion of that field, if any, represents a space lightly skimmed by the mind, but a space nevertheless necessary to impart some quality or some meaning to the chief object.

It may be argued that you have only to imagine a glass subtending to the eye, the same angle as the said pane of glass, but much farther off, and a brush fifty yards long to solve the difficulties of landscape painting. Only in life-size painting of figure or still life can this be realised practically, and then only mechanical difficulties are removed. The problems of how to employ modelling, relative forces of definition, and range of colour, in treating scenes of various widths, depths, and fulness of interest, still remain to

be solved by artistic feeling. But in this life-size painting the task is more evident, at least to the reason, and for this cause, possibly, impressionism was first fully made manifest in the work of a portrait painter, Velasquez.

People who use both the terms, realism and impressionism, discriminate their meanings, and certainly those who paint impressionistically will not confound their practice with that of some realists. But many people, in speaking of impressionism, imply that it must be unmodelled, scarce drawn, roughly surfaced, ugly, at least commonplace in subject. Others hold that whatever else it may do, it must represent, like an instantaneous photograph, passing movements by blotches and blurs, and show you strange and really unimpressionistic attitudes never seen in life, but mechanically revealed by the camera. The work of Velasquez should be sufficient evidence to persuade them that they misunderstand the question.

Let us look at some of the uses of the term realism. After an age dealing with saints in the clouds, or gods in Olympus, a man may be called a realist because he paints real life, a battle, the coronation of an emperor, or boors drinking. This distinction of subject has been shown on an earlier page to have little weight in the art of painting; and one may observe that, after courtly subjects are exhausted, this bastard realism of *motif* is confined to low life. Nevertheless, there is a realism, not literary, but pictorial; the realism of treatment which is applicable to any subject, religious, mythological, heroic, courtly, or lowlived, even to still life and landscape. Orpheus, Endymion, Hope, Love, Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, or a man digging

potatoes, may any of them be conceived realistically, and painted from the model. But when we admit this, and discriminate realism of subject from realism of treatment, we still meet with various degrees of realism. This man may be realistic in form only, and fanciful in lighting and relations of value. That man, again, may idealise form and yet paint it under a realistic effect. In fact, realism of treatment depends on a piecemeal sort of observation which may be taken in instalments by successive schools. There is a realism of drawing, of effect, of local colour, of atmosphere, of values, and all and any of these are pictorial in their nature.

Now, impressionism allows many and divers impressions, but each records a truth of general aspect. The whole effect of the canvas conveys a definite idea which has ordered every element — drawing, colour, and definition. Schools of painters are not, of course, divided absolutely into decorative, realist, and impressionist; but we name them after the prevailing intention of their works. The difference between realism and impressionism may be illustrated out of the past by the contrast between the Eclectics and the Naturalists on the one hand, and Velasquez on the other. The art of the first added, the other sprouted fresh qualities; one held its virtues in solution, the other in chemical combination.

Those who have not been taught from the beginning in an impressionistic school must remember difficulties which beset them when they were working from nature, and will recall how they only slowly began to appreciate the meaning and the necessity of working from a single impression. How often it seemed to them

VENUS

impossible to finish a picture. The more closely they applied themselves to study and complete a part, the more it seemed to change to their eyes, and to invalidate their previous observations. After having left his canvas for a rest such a man came back to find this or that edge cut as if with a knife, this shadow which should be blue and broad, hot and speckled, and certainly all the mystery, grandeur, or delicacy of the natural model painted out in commonplace. Again and again he tries, and each time that he brings a fresh eye to bear upon the model, he finds that all its characteristic beauty has evaporated from his work. He may never attempt to enter upon completeness, he is kept in the ante-room of preliminary changes.

Now, all his separate observations may have been true, but they were all made under different conditions of attention to the scene; whereas, until every part of the picture has been observed in subservience to the impression of the whole, completeness can never be even begun. The largeness, the dignity, the swim of nature seen under a distributed attention is continually contradicted by the appearances which result from separate observations made upon smaller fields of sight. A shadow on the yellow sand will alternately seem cold or warm, blue or orange, according to the concentration or diffusion of the sight. Everyone knows that when a shadow is looked at alone it appears more full of colours than when the surrounding sunlit parts of the view are taken in and are allowed to operate on the shadow.

Many people must have seen English painters who went out of their way to confuse their eyesight and

destroy all unity of impression. Some begin a large landscape at the top of one corner, and finish it all the way down bit by bit. Others make use of all kinds of dodges to deceive themselves as to the impression a natural scene has made on their senses. These make a tunnel with their hands to shut out everything but the one patch of colour they are matching. These hold up white paper to gauge a value; these match tints upon a palette-knife held against the hues of nature; these cut holes in a card to look through; and these peep through their legs, their half-shut eyes, or into a small black mirror. Such devices confound and obliterate the natural impression when they are used as a means of finishing a picture. Yet they have some of them a true use, which is to persuade a beginner of the relativity of tones and definitions, and their dependence upon general impressions. Surely, however, it cannot but lead to painting false aspects if one should try to learn anything particular from nature seen under such conditions. I have often seen men painting sunsets who would shade out the sky with a hat or hand that they might see what they were pleased to call the true colour of the ground. Of course, the grass instantly became of quite another colour to what it had been when the sky entered the painter's eyes at the same time. But they seemed unaware that they were painting by this process two quite different effects in one frame.

English teaching has been contrary to impressionism, and Velasquez has not been sufficiently, or at any rate rightly, admired. Many painters and writers of influence have condemned impressionism in a manner

which showed that they neither knew nor cared anything about it. Whatever has been gained in England in this direction lately has been gained at the bayonet point of abuse and strong language. The English schools never taught one to "place" a figure or cast on the canvas. They would not permit of blocking in either squarely or roundly. They expected you to begin a thing by finishing. They accustomed the student from the outset of his career to overlook subtle differences of large planes, to miss the broader sweep of a line for the sake of tight detailed modelling, and the exaggerated indenting of small bays in an outline. They gave gold medals to chalk drawings in which every little muscle was modelled up to a high light, whilst an important change of plane, such as the set-back of the chest, was shown by a wrong general value. It is not wonderful that people so taught saw only one side of the art of Velasquez, and that their system of teaching is now abandoned for one which has been, to a large extent, based on the practice of the great Spanish impressionist.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF

VELASQUEZ

AND OF CERTAIN WORKS ATTRIBUTED TO THE ARTIST, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE GALLERIES IN WHICH THEY ARE CONTAINED

NOTE

Where the measurements of the pictures are given, the height always precedes the width.

Where numbers are given, thus [No. 6.], *they are the numbers of the Catalogue of the Gallery. These cannot of course be guaranteed, as alterations are not unfrequently made in the arrangement of the pictures.*

An asterisk denotes that the picture is reproduced in this volume.

CATALOGUE OF WORKS.

AMERICA.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

A FRUIT PIECE.

YALE COLLEGE, U.S.A.

A MALE PORTRAIT.

AUSTRIA.

THE PICTURE GALLERY, VIENNA.

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA. 4 ft. × 3 ft. 6 in. [No. 609.]

DON FELIPE PROSPER, SON OF PHILIP IV. (1657-1661). 4 ft. 3 in. × 3 ft. 3 in. [No. 611.]

PHILIP IV. 4 ft. 2 in. × 2 ft. 9 in. [No. 612.]

A YOUNG MAN HOLDING A FLOWER AND LAUGHING. 2 ft. 9 in. × 2 ft. 1 in. [No. 613.]

THE INFANTA MARGARITA MARIA AS A CHILD. 4 ft. 3 in. × 3 ft. 4 in. [No. 615.]

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS. 4 ft. 3 in. × 3 ft. 4 in. [No. 616.]

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA ANNA. 4 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 3 in. [No. 617.]

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF THE SAME. 4 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 3 in. [No. 618.]

THE INFANTA MARGARITA TERESA AS A CHILD. 3 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 10 in. [No. 619.]

PORTRAIT OF THE SAME. 4 ft. × 3 ft. 2 in. [No. 621.]

THE QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN, DAUGHTER OF HENRY IV., AND FIRST WIFE OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN (1602-1644). 4 ft. 4 in. × 3 ft. 4 in. [No. 622.]

BRITISH ISLES.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, ELDEST SON OF PHILIP IV. (1629-1686). 6 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 5 in.

This picture is said to have been presented by Philip IV. to Charles I. of England. A boy about ten years old is standing, bareheaded, by a table covered with red velvet. He wears armour enriched with gold, a falling lace collar, a red scarf, red embroidered breeches, and steel gauntlets; he has a baton in his right hand, and his left rests on a sword; at his right is a red velvet chair.

A replica of this picture is at the Hague.

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN HUNTING THE WILD BOAR. 6 ft. 2 in. × 10 ft. 3 in. [No. 197.]

The hunt is taking place in an enclosed piece of ground, in the front of which are many spectators.

Formerly in the Royal Palace at Madrid. Presented by Ferdinand VII. to the late Lord Cowley, from whom it was purchased in 1846.

A DEAD WARRIOR. 3 ft. 5 in. × 5 ft. 5 in. Engraved, in 1864, by Flameng, for the "Gazette des Beaux-arts." [No. 741.]

Known as "El Orlando Muerto," or Roland dead. On right the fully dressed and armed body of a man, life-size, is seen lying on its back, the right hand placed on his chest, the left resting on the hilt of his sword. The figure is considerably foreshortened. Over the dead man's feet, suspended to a branch, is a small brass lamp; on either side human skulls and other bones. In the background storm-driven clouds, with the first faint dawn of day appearing.

Purchased in Paris, at the sale of the Pourtalès Collection in 1865, *and commonly ascribed to Velasquez.*

PHILIP IV., KING OF SPAIN. 2 ft. 1 in. × 1 ft. 8 in. [No. 745.]

Bust, life-size, in black and gold; head seen nearly in full face.

Formerly in the collection of Prince Demidoff, Florence. Purchased in Paris from M. Sano in 1865.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN. 6 ft. 6 in. × 3 ft. 8 in. [No. 1129.]

Full length, life-size, three-quarter face turned to the right. Dressed in a doublet and trunk hose, white sleeves and brown gloves. From a chain round his neck is suspended the Order of the Golden Fleece. In his right hand a letter, on which the painter's name is inscribed; his left hand rests on the hilt of his sword.

Purchased in London, at the sale of the Hamilton Palace pictures, in 1882.

* CHRIST AT THE COLUMN. 5 ft. 3 in. × 6 ft. 8 in. [No. 1148.]

The Saviour, who wears only a hip-cloth, reclines on the ground with outstretched arms, bound at the wrists with cord, attached to column on the left. Towards the right kneels a child, attended by an angel. Dark background.

Presented by the Right Hon. Sir John Savile, G.C.B. (afterwards Lord Savile), in 1883.

* THE ADMIRAL PULIDO PAREJA. 6 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 8 in. [No. 1315.]

Life-size, full length, three-quarter face. Clad in a black velvet doublet with full breeches. His hair, which is black and bushy, falls round his head upon an ample collar of white lace; both hands gloved. A marshal's baton is in his right; in left a broad-brimmed black *sombrero*. Warm grey background. Signed and dated, 1639. Palomino is the chief authority for this picture. He says it was done with unusually long brushes. He mentions the signature and inscription. Another version, with accessories added later, belongs to the Duke of Bedford.

Purchased in 1890 *out of the Longford Castle Collection.*

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF MARTHA. 1 ft. 11 in. × 3 ft. 4 in. [No. 1375.]

On left, a kitchenmaid, half-length, stands at a table, while a woman standing behind touches her on the shoulder. On the table a dish of fish, plate of eggs, and water jug. In background, through aperture in the wall, is seen the Saviour seated, addressing Martha, who stands, and Mary, who kneels before him.

Bequeathed by the Right Hon. Sir William H. Gregory in 1892.

SKETCH OF A DUEL IN THE PRADO NEAR MADRID. 2 ft. 10 in. × 4 ft. [No. 1376.]

In the foreground, four cavaliers, accompanied by an attendant with pony, watching a horseman, who gallops towards their opponents, in the middle distance. Beyond, a hilly country, with grey sky.

Some of the figures in the foreground resemble the group in Velasquez's "Boar Hunt."

Bequeathed by the Right Hon. Sir William H. Gregory in 1892.

*A BETROTHAL. 6 ft. 7 in. × 5 ft. 11 in. [No. 1434.]

At a table on an elevated platform a cavalier, with long hair, in dark brown cloth, and wearing a mantle on which is the cross of St Iago. He holds a pen in his right hand; his left hand rests on the shoulder of a child gaily dressed. Behind her, on the extreme right, a duenna or attendant. To the left, behind the table, are two young men. Below, in front of the platform, the upper part of two figures of the size of life are seen.

Formerly in the possession of Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Presented by Lord Savile in 1895.

DULWICH COLLEGE PICTURE GALLERY.

*PHILIP IV. 4 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 2 in.

Three-quarter length figure, life-size, turned to the left; red doublet with silver embroidery, white silk sleeves, and white falling collar; the left arm on his sword; in left hand his hat; in right his staff.

This shows the king in his dress as commander-in-chief at the age of thirty-nine or forty. Both this canvas and the similar one in the Lyne-Stephens collection have been considered as old copies of the original Fraga picture.

From the Bouchardon and Tronchin Collections.

HAMPTON COURT GALLERY.

PHILIP IV.

ELIZABETH DE BOURBON, QUEEN OF PHILIP IV.

These are attributed to Velasquez.

HERTFORD HOUSE GALLERY, LONDON.

A LADY WITH A FAN. 3 ft. × 2 ft. 3 in.

From the Aquado Collection.

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS ON HORSEBACK. 4 ft. 3 in. × 3 ft. 4 in.

From the Rogers Collection.

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, AT THREE YEARS OLD, WITH A BATON. 3 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 1 in.

He is in a grey dress with violet scarf, and wears a sword. *From the Standish Collection.*

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS.

AN INFANTA OF SPAIN.

A standing, full-length figure in black dress with white sleeves.

LANDSCAPE WITH A BOAR HUNT. A sketch for the National Gallery Picture.

Bought at Lord Northwich's sale.

PHILIP IV.

THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ.

FORSTER M. ALLEYNE, ESQ.

DON GIOVANNI JACOPO THEODORO TRIVULZI (1597-1657). Created a Prince of the Empire 1622, Cardinal 1626, and subsequently a Grandee of Spain, Viceroy of Sicily 1647, Governor of Milan 1656. 7 ft. × 3 ft. 10 in.

He wears a black coat, red cloak and hat, high buff boots, and the collar of the Golden Fleece; with right hand he rests baton against his thigh, his left is on his hip; to the right, at his feet, are cuirass and helmet. *New Gall.* 1895.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, WOBURN ABBEY, BEDFORDSHIRE.

DON ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA. 6 ft. 5 in. × 3 ft. 6 in.

Full-length, standing. Black dress with white sleeves and large collar and the red cross of Santiago. A naval engagement seen through an opening to the right.

A MAN.

C. F. A. BREUL, ESQ.

THE DUKE OF MEDINA. 1 ft. 8 in. × 1 ft. 6 in.

Black dress; wide lace collar. *R.A.* 1896.

RALPH BANKES, ESQ., KINGSTON LACY, WIMBORNE.

LAS MENIÑAS. A sketch for the Madrid picture.

CARDINAL GASPAR DE BERJA, ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE AND TOLEDO.

PHILIP IV., STANDING. Painted for the first Marquis of Leganes.

From the Altamira Collection.

LORD BERWICK.

A SPANISH INFANTE WITH DOGS. 4 ft. 4 in. × 3 ft. 4 in.

A boy with a gun and three dogs. *R.A.* 1886.

HERCULES B. BRABAZON, ESQ.

MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1634-1696).

In black dress, scalloped lace collarette, and gold chain.
Said to have come from the Altamira Gallery. R.A. 1875.

MARQUIS OF BRISTOL, ICWORTH PARK.

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS. 5 ft. × 2 ft. 11 in.

Full length of boy standing with a gun in his hand, and three dogs beside him. Brown dress and cap, lace collar, leather gloves.

CHARLES BUTLER, ESQ., 3 CONNAUGHT PLACE, W.

POPE INNOCENT X. 3 ft. 2 in. × 4 ft. 5 in.

Seated, wearing a white linen robe with white sleeves, a linen collar, red velvet cap and cape. In his left hand is a paper inscribed: ALLA SANTTA NRO SIGRE INNOCENTIO XO PER.
A replica is in the Doria Palace at Rome.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, CASTLE HOWARD, YORK.

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, ELDEST SON OF PHILIP IV. (1629-1646), AND HIS DWARF. 4 ft. 7 in. × 2 ft. 8 in.

A child with fair hair and dark eyes, in black velvet petticoat embroidered with gold, a scarf crossing his breast, a sword in one hand, and a staff in the other, is chasing a dwarf, who runs away with a silver bauble and an apple. A black velvet hat with white feather lies on a red cushion to the right.

JUAN DE PAREJA, a Moorish slave, who was in the service

of Velasquez, and became a great painter. 2 ft. 5 in. × 2 ft.

A mulatto, with broad white collar falling over a grey doublet.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1634-1696). 1 ft. 9 in. × 1 ft. 5 in.

In a white fur tippet, with chains of jewels, hair in rolls and adorned with butterflies.

MISS COHEN, ADELAIDE CRESCENT, BRIGHTON.

A MAN. 2 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft.

Half-length, life-sized. He is wearing armour, with sash over right shoulder, white lace collar, long black hair.

MONS. A CASSO.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN. 1 ft. 10 in. × 1 ft. 4 in.

Black dress and white collar, long hair. *R.A.* 1895.

SIR FRANCIS COOK, BART., DOUGHTY HOUSE, RICHMOND.

TWO PEASANTS: A KITCHEN SCENE. 3 ft. 3 in. × 3 ft. 10 in.

Woman, seated, making an omelette in an earthen pan; on left a boy with melon under his arm, and offering her a wine-flask; in front various utensils.

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER. 1 ft. 10 in. × 1 ft. 6 in.

Long black hair and moustache, black coat and *golilla*; in front hangs a gold chain with the badge of Santiago.

Acquired by Lord Cowley when Ambassador in Madrid. An injured copy of this, in which the Santiago Cross is omitted, is at Valencia.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1634-1696). 2 ft. 2 in. × 1 ft. 10 in.

In dark green dress, with large puffed sleeves, gauze collarette trimmed with narrow ribbon and having large rosette in front. Hair low on both shoulders, adorned with rosette of brown ribbons.

Probably painted immediately after her marriage, as in wearing her hair long she has evidently not yet adopted the Spanish coiffure of the period.

A SPANISH BEGGAR. 4 ft. 6 in. × 4 ft.

Man in ragged dress, leaning on a crutch, holding in his right hand a wine-flask, resting on a globe on which is a landscape with peasants dancing before a bodega.

On the frame is inscribed: Viva el vino leche de los viejos.

Brought from Spain by the French officer, General Caulaincourt, and purchased of him by an English officer at Genoa in 1818.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, W.

A LADY. 3 ft. 2 in. × 1 ft. 6 in.

Dressed in a lemon-coloured silk gown, with wide sleeves and white lace collar. She holds a *mantilla* and handkerchief.

GEORGE DONALDSON, ESQ.

A CHORISTER. 2 ft. 8 in. × 2 ft. 3 in.

Half-length figure standing to the right; white surplice; holding open music-book with both hands.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE, BRIDGEWATER HOUSE.

A NATURAL SON OF THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ.

From the Altamira Collection.

PHILIP IV.

VELASQUEZ.

A replica of the one at Florence.

THE EARL OF ELGIN.

DON GASPAR DE GUZMAN THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ. 4 ft. 1 in. × 3 ft. 4 in.

In armour, on a white horse standing on its hind legs. He wears a richly-embroidered crimson scarf, and brown boots, and carries a baton.

SIR WILLIAM FARRER.

VIEW OF THE ALAMEDA AT SEVILLE. 5 ft. 4 in. × 3 ft. 6 in.

From the Louis Philippe Collection.

EXECUTORS OF THE LATE SIR CLARE FORD.

DON GASPAR DE GUZMAN THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ (1587-1643). 2 ft. 2 in. × 1 ft. 10 in.

In black, wearing a *golilla* or stiff linen collar, over which is a cloak, partly concealing the green cross of Alcantara on his breast.

Purchased by Richard Ford from the Madrid Gallery of General Meade.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1634-1696). 4 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 8 in.

In black hooped dress and basque, double row of pearls crossing from shoulder to shoulder. A clock is on a table to the right.

DOÑA ISABEL DE BOURBON, FIRST WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1602-1644). 2 ft. 1 in. × 1 ft. 7 in.

Three-quarter bust to the left; black embroidered dress and ruff, ribbons in her hair, and a rope of pearls crossing her breast and shoulders.

Painted by Velasquez in 1623, about the period when Charles I. of England was in Madrid seeking the hand of her daughter, the Infanta Maria.

From General Meade's Collection.

LADY GREGORY.

A PEASANT BOY FEEDING FOWLS. 4 ft. 8 in. × 6 ft. 5 in.

LORD HEYTESBURY, HEYTESBURY.

A SKETCH FOR THE PICTURE AT MADRID CALLED "LES BORRACHOS."

[It contains only six figures, while the Madrid picture has nine.]

CAPTAIN HOLFORD, HOLFORD HOUSE.

A FIELD-MARSHAL IN ARMOUR.

PHILIP IV. 2 ft. 7 in. × 2 ft.

Half-length figure in close-fitting black silk habit, white *golilla*, and the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

W. HOLMAN HUNT, ESQ.

ST. SEBASTIAN. Panel, 1 ft. 6 in. × 1 ft. 1 in.

Small, almost nude, three-quarter-length figure of the saint, standing facing the spectator, one arm tied above his head, the other behind him.

EDWARD HUTH, Esq.

PHILIP IV. (1621-1665). 6 ft. 10 in. × 4 ft. 1 in.

Full-length life-sized figure in black dress, wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece. Cloak thrown back over his shoulder; left hand, which rests on his sword, holds his hat; in his right hand is a paper inscribed "SEÑOR"; both hands are gloved. On the right, through an open door, is an inner room, at the end of which is a pyx on a table.

From the Louis Philippe Collection.

DOÑA ISABEL DE BOURBON, FIRST WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1602-1644). 6 ft. 7 in. × 3 ft. 8 in.

Wearing black hooped dress, with border of leaves of gold, white ruff, feather in hair; in left hand a Chinese fan.

DON GASPAR DE GUZMAN THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ (1587-1643). 6 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 7 in.

In a richly-embroidered black dress, over which is a short cloak, bearing the green cross of Alcantara, a linen collar, low shoes, and a broad gold chain across his breast; in right hand a wand, as Master of the Horse.

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, BOWOOD, CALNE.

THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ.

From the Collection of Don Manuel Godoy.

POPE INNOCENT X.

A replica of the Palazzo Doria Portrait.

A CHILD IN BED.

VELASQUEZ.

LANDSCAPE, WITH TWO MOUNTED CAVALIERS AND OTHER FIGURES, SEATED, AND THE SEA IN THE BACKGROUND.

LANDSCAPE, WITH CAVALIERS, LADIES, AND DWARFS, A SIERA IN THE BACKGROUND.

These two pictures were brought into England from Madrid by Mr Bourke, the Danish Minister.

J. PIERPOINT MORGAN, Esq.

AN INFANTA. 4 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 4 in.

Black dress with scarlet bow, wide lace collar, pearl necklace, crimson cap. *R.A.* 1896.

J. H. MACFADDEN, Esq.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1634-1696). 2 ft. 2 in. × 1 ft. 9 in.

In a white and black dress; gold chain over her shoulder; hair adorned with red bows and red and white feather.
From the Lyne-Stephens Collection. New. Gall 1895.

MISS CLARA MONTALBA.

A FLUTE-PLAYER. 2 ft. 3 in. × 1 ft. 8 in.

A man in a white dress, and black cloak thrown over his shoulder, playing on a flute. *New. Gall.* 1895.

R. A. MORRITT, Esq., ROKEBY PARK.

* VENUS AND CUPID. 4 ft. × 5 ft. 9 in.

Full-length nude figure of Venus lying on a couch, her back to the spectator, and her head raised to look at herself in a mirror held up by a Cupid kneeling on one knee in front of a red curtain. *R.A.* 1890.

THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK, G.C.I.E., STRATTON, WINCHESTER.

PHILIP IV. ON HORSEBACK. 1 ft. 11 in. × 1 ft. 5 in.

On bay horse with four white legs, galloping to the right. He wears armour of steel inlaid with gold, a white *golilla*, a plumed hat with pointed brim, and a crimson scarf, which floats behind, and he carries a baton.

From the Rogers Collection, in the catalogue of which it is said that this is the finished sketch of the great picture under which it used to hang in the palace of Buen Retiro.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, ALNWICK CASTLE.

PEDRO ALCANTARA.

THE HON. MRS PRESTON.

A LADY. 4 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 2 in.

Black dress, large black collar trimmed with yellow pearl necklace, and ear-rings. *New Gall.* 1895.

SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. (1634-1696). 4 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 11 in.

Similar to Sir Clare Ford's portrait, except that the hair is arranged in ringlets, with red bows, and she wears a gold chain over her shoulders.

From the Clifden Collection. New Gall. 1895.

SIR J. CHARLES ROBINSON, HARLEY STREET, W.

DON FRANCISCO DE RIBAS, CORREGIDOR DE MADRID, AND KNIGHT OF SANTIAGO. Oval, 3 ft. 2 in. × 2 ft. 7 in.

Half-length life-size, full face; black dress. He holds a letter in his right hand; the jewel of the Order of Santiago is pendent from a ribbon on his dress, and a large embroidered red cross of the same order is on his sleeve.

The face only is by Velasquez, as the picture is said to have been left unfinished at the death of the painter.

JAEL AND SISERA. 3 ft. 11 in. × 4 ft. 3 in.

Believed to have been painted in 1623. The armour in which Sisera is clad was painted from the actual suit made in the antique style for the Emperor Charles V., and still preserved at Madrid. The figure in full armour on the right is a posthumous portrait of the great Duke of Alva; that on the left of the Count-Duke d'Olivarez.

The composition is supposed to be intended as an allegorical illustration or reference to the assassination of William the Silent of Holland, the chief enemy of Spain in the preceding century.

The picture bears a monogrammatic or abbreviated signature in the right hand lower corner.

GEORGE SALTING, ESQ., BERKELEY SQUARE.

CHILD AND SERVING-MAN. 2 ft. 5 in. × 1 ft. 11 in.

Young girl about three years old seated before a table, on which is a silver plate containing grapes. She holds some of the fruit in her right hand, whilst her left, sketched in only, is grasped by a man who bends over her; the head only of the latter figure is completely finished, draperies and accessories only sketched in.

From the Earl of Clare's Collection.

M. LÉON SOMZÉE.

THE VEGETABLE SELLER.

New Gall. 1895.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, STAFFORD HOUSE, LONDON.

THE DUKE OF GANDIA (?) AT A CONVENT DOOR.

From the Soult Collection.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO AT A CHAPTER.

A knight kneeling before a priest, with three knights and two pages.

A ROCKY LANDSCAPE, WITH A MAN ON A WHITE HORSE, AND A WOMAN AND TWO BEGGARS LYING DOWN.

ST. FRANCIS BORGIA ARRIVING AT THE JESUITS' COLLEGE.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

INNOCENT X. (1645-1655). 2 ft. 7 in. × 2 ft. 3 in.

Half-length life-size, turned slightly to the right, and looking at the spectator; red cap and cape, and white collar.

See similar picture in the Hermitage Gallery.

DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS (1580-1645). 2 ft. × 1 ft. 10 in.

Life-size bust, looking at the spectator; black costume, white *golilla*; abundant greyish frizzled hair, and large double eyeglass on his nose.

Poet and novelist, secretary to Queen Anne, wife of Philip II.

This is doubtless the portrait named by Palomino, iii. 333, in which the poet is described as with glasses, which he was accustomed to wear.

TWO BOYS. 2 ft. 1 in. × 3 ft. 4 in.

Life-sized. Two boys seated at a table laden with dishes, and a jar surmounted by an orange. One boy, in a buff jacket, is drinking, and the other looking at him.

A MAN. 2 ft. 5 in. × 2 ft. 1 in.

Half-length life-sized figure, in black dress and white *golilla.*

THE WATER CARRIER, "EL AQUADOR DE SEVILLE." 3 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. 6 in.

A man, in tattered brown doublet, with his left hand on a large earthen jar, hands a glass of water to a boy, who stands beside a table, on which is a smaller jar; another boy drinks from a pot.

This picture was painted about 1620, at Seville, ere Velasquez went to Madrid. In 1780 it was in the Alcazar Quarto del Rey.

King Joseph Bonaparte took it with him in his flight from Madrid; but it was captured in his carriage at the rout of Vittoria, and afterwards presented by Ferdinand VII. to the Duke of Wellington.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G., GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, ELDEST SON OF PHILIP IV. (1629-1686). 4 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 3 in.

The Prince, as a boy, wearing a costume enriched with silver and gold, a crimson scarf, and a plumed black hat, is mounted on a prancing pony in a court of the Palace, and attended by several officers. The King, and Queen Isabel, are to be seen at a balcony of the building, which serves as a background.

Palomino iii. 332, refers to this picture as being in the possession of the Marquis de Liche, nephew of d'Olivarez. It was probably painted about 1641.

A YOUNG MAN. Panel, 1 ft. 10 in. × 1 ft. 5 in.

Bust to right, life-size, looking front over his shoulder, wearing fur cape, cap adorned with crimson ribbons, and orange-coloured coat.

This has been incorrectly called a portrait of Velasquez (see Curtis, 208).

THE EARL STANHOPE.

A GENTLEMAN.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

PHILIP IV. HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.

THE ALAMEDA, SEVILLE.

THE EARL OF LECONFIELD, PETWORTH PARK.

MALE PORTRAIT.

THE EARL OF ELGIN, BROOME HALL, FIFE.

THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ.

INNOCENT X.

A DOG WITH A BONE.

THE EARL OF SOUTHESK, KINNAIRD CASTLE.

GROUP OF PEASANTS.

LORD KINNAIRD, ROSSIE PRIORY.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

MALE PORTRAIT.—SPANISH LADY.—FISH AND FRUITS.—TWO LANDSCAPES.

THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

STA. CLARA.—A MAN'S PORTRAIT.

LORD ASHBURTON.

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV.—A BOAR HUNT.—A DWARF WITH DOG AND PARROT.—A LANDSCAPE.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF INNOCENT X.

IRELAND.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.

LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY. 1 ft. 8 in. × 1 ft. 4 in. [No. 34.]

The saint is represented taking small dead fishes from a dish, held by a young man at his side, and placing them in a fountain of water, which brings them to life again. The youth on his left looks on in an attitude of astonishment.

An early picture.

Purchased at Leeds in 1868.

THE INFANTA DOÑA MARIA OF AUSTRIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV. 7 ft. × 3 ft. 8 in.

This picture is one of which there are many repetitions in Europe, and may possibly be an old copy. It has suffered much by cleaning.

THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, K.G., BARONS COURT.

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, ELDEST SON OF PHILIP IV. (1629-1646). 5 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 6 in.

A lad about seven years old, wearing black plumed hat, black dress embroidered with gold, falling lace collar, long black hose, shoes, and gauntlets, standing in a piazza, holding with his right hand a gun by its muzzle; a large dog lies on the left, and two greyhounds on the right.

FRANCE.

THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

* PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA MARGARITA MARIA, AFTERWARDS WIFE OF LEOPOLD I., EMPEROR OF GERMANY (1651-1673). 2 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. [No. 1731.]

She stands almost in full face, her right hand resting on a chair, the left one down holding a flower. Robe is of pearl-coloured taffeta trimmed with black lace, a necklace and gold chain. The picture is inscribed in large letters, "L'INFANTE MARGUERITE."

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN (1605-1669). 1 ft. 4 in. × 4 ft. [No. 1732.]

The king stands upright, bareheaded, dressed as a sportsman, and holding a gun in his gloved right hand. The left hand has upon it a ring. Near a tree to the left is a dog.

From the Napoleon Collection.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN (1605-1665). 1 ft. 4 in. × 1 ft. 2 in. [No. 1733.]

Head only. Three-quarter profile, curled up moustache, and curly hair.

* A MEETING OF THIRTEEN PERSONS. 1 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. 6 in. [No. 1734.]

On a hillock are Spanish gentlemen in groups talking together; on the left are Velasquez, Murillo, and a third figure.

From the Collection of the Marquis de Forbin-Janson. Bought in 1851 *of M. Lauenville.*

THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA, AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF FRANCE (1638-1683). 2 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. [No. 1735.]

The child, about twelve years old, wears white satin bodice, on which is the badge of an order and a bow of ribbon. Hair adorned with pink bows, jewels, and a white feather.

Bought at M. Viardot's sale in 1863.

A YOUNG WOMAN. Oval. 2 ft. 8 in. × 2 ft. 1 in. [No. 1736.]

She wears a black-and-white dress, and her puffed hair falls on a white collar crossed by a double string of pearls.

DON PEDRO DE ALTAMIRA, THE DEAN OF THE ROYAL CHAPEL IN TOLEDO, AFTERWARDS A CARDINAL. 3 ft. × 2 ft. 6 in. [No. 1737.]

He is in a monk's garb. his left hand presses his breast and in his right he has a book. The picture is inscribed: "Æ 54, DN. 1633."

Bought in 1849.

GERMANY.

ROYAL MUSEUM, BERLIN.

ALESSANDRO DEL BORRO, ITALIAN COMMANDER. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. [No. 413A.]

Purchased in Florence in 1873.

MARIA ANNA, SISTER OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN. 6 ft. 8 in. × 3 ft. 6 in. [No. 413C.]

Suermondt Collection, 1874.

A SPANISH COURT DWARF. 4 ft. 7 in. × 3 ft. 3 in. [No. 413D.]

Bought in Vienna in 1879.

A WOMAN. 4 ft. × 3 ft. 3 in. [No. 413E.]

Purchased from Lord Dudley's Collection in 1887.

ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY, DRESDEN.

GASPAR DE GUZMAN THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ. 3 ft. × 2 ft. 5 in. [No. 622.]

In black costume, and wearing the green cross of the Order of Alcantara.

A MAN IN BLACK COSTUME WITH A GOLD CORD. 2 ft. 2 in. × 1 ft. 10 in. [No. 623.]

A MAN IN BLACK COSTUME. 3 ft. 5 in. × 2 ft. 10 in. [No. 624.]

STÄDEL, FRANKFORT.

CARDINAL BORGIA.

THE INFANTA MARGARITA THERESA.

OLD PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH.

THE ARTIST. 2 ft. × 1 ft. 8 in. [No 1292.]

He wears a black vest, with standing collar, and upon his breast is a medal. Much repainted.
From the Dusseldorf Gallery.

A YOUNG SPANIARD, WITHOUT BEARD, IN A BLACK DRESS. Canvas. 2 ft. 11 in. × 2 ft. 3 in. [No. 1293.]

From the Dusseldorf Gallery.

THE INFANTA DOÑA MARIA MARGUERITA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN, AS A CHILD. 4 ft. 6 in. × 5 ft. 4 in. [No. 1294.]

In long double dress of white and red damask; her right hand rests on the edge of a table, and her left holds a closed fan.
From the Palace of Dachau. Possibly by del Mazo.

HOLLAND.

MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS.

MUSEUM, THE HAGUE.

THE INFANTE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS.

A SPANISH LANDSCAPE.

ITALY.

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE.

A MAN. 3 ft. 11 in. × 2 ft. 10 in. [No. 198.]

Half-length figure wrapped in a cloak.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN (1605-1665). 4 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft.

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

THE ARTIST, SAID TO BE BY HIMSELF. [No. 216.]

A SIMILAR PORTRAIT. [No. 217.]

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN, ON HORSEBACK (1605-1665). Canvas. Life-size. [No. 210.]

The three allegorical figures hovering above, and the attendant bearing the helmet, are by another hand.

PALAZZO CATANAO, GENOA.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.

A DEAD BROTHER. Head only, on panel. 1 ft. 8 in. × 1 ft. 3 in. [No. 320, Sala X.]

CAPITOL PICTURE GALLERY, ROME.

THE ARTIST, WHEN ABOUT THIRTY. [No. 80.]

See a long note as to this picture in Venturi's Catalogue.

PALAZZO DORIA, ROME.

MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT OF POPE INNOCENT X. Painted in Italy 1649-51.

PICTURE GALLERY, TURIN.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN. Head only. 1 ft. 4 in. × 1 ft. 1 in. [No. 320.]

PORTRAIT OF A MAN. Head only. 2 ft. 1 in. × 1 ft. 6 in. [No. 321.]

Acquired in 1865.

PALAZZO DUCALE, MODENA.

PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ.

RUSSIA.

HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN (1605-1665). 2 ft. 2 in. × 1 ft. 9 in. [No. 420.]

Bust only, turned a little to the right, and looking at the spectator. His dark dress has diamond buttons, and he wears a white collar, over which is a golden chain.

From the Collection of Prince Demidoff San Donato.

OLIVAREZ, DUKE OF SAN LUCAR. 6 ft. 11 in. × 4 ft. 2 in. [No. 421.]

Standing near table covered in red; left hand on his sword, and right resting on the table. On his cloak is embroidered the Cross of Alcantara.

Purchased from William II. of Holland.

* POPE INNOCENT X. (1574-1655). 1 ft. 7 in. × 1 ft. 4 in. [No. 418.]

Bust, three-quarters, to the left, wearing a red soutane, and also a red cape, on which is a white collar.

Walpole Collection.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN (1605-1665). 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. [No. 419.]

The king is standing near a table, on which is a red cover. He is dressed in black velvet, and wears the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Purchased in 1850 *from William II. of Holland.*

OLIVAREZ, DUKE OF SAN LUCAR. 2 ft. 3 in. × 1 ft. 10 in. [No. 422.]

Bust only; dressed in black, with white collar and black cloak, on which is the Cross of Alcantara.

Similar to the portraits at Dresden, Bowood, and belonging to Sir Clare Ford.

YOUNG BOY, LAUGHING. 10 in. × 8 in. [No. 423.]

Justi refuses to accept this picture as the work of Velasquez.

A YOUNG SPANISH PRINCE. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 8 in.

The prince, aged about six, is represented on a bay horse galloping to the left. He wears the Order of the Golden Fleece, and carries a baton in his hand.

SPAIN.

MUSEO DEL PRADO, MADRID.

From Mr. E. Kerr-Lawson's Catalogue of the Gallery.

* THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. 6 ft. 7 in. × 4 ft. 1 in. [No. 1054.]

Mary, seated at the foot of an ancient construction, presents the Infant to the adoration of the kings, two of whom are presenting cups of gold, while the third awaits his turn. To the left of the Virgin, somewhat in the background, is St. Joseph.

Very early. Painted before Velasquez came to Court, probably about the same time as the "Water Carrier."

* THE SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED. 8 ft. 1 in. × 5 ft. 6 in. [No. 1055.]

Presented in 1829 *to Ferdinand VII. by the Duke of St. Ferdinand, for this Museo.*

*THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. 5 ft. 8 in. × 4 ft. 4 in. [No. 1056.]

Mary ascends on a throne of clouds to the seat of the Holy Trinity; the Father and Son, holding the crown between them, await the immaculate Virgin; the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove sheds rays of light which illuminate the heavens. Figures less than life-size.

This picture was executed for the oratorio of the Queen in the Royal Alcazar and Palace of Madrid.

*ST. ANTHONY VISITING ST. PAUL. 8 ft. 5 in. × 9 ft. 4 in. [No. 1057.]

Painted in 1659 for the Hermitage of St. Anthony of the Buen Retiro.

*THE TOPERS; commonly called "Los Borrachos." 5 ft. 4 in. × 7 ft. 4 in. [No. 1058.]

The half-naked drunkard, who represents the god of the vintage, seated on a cask, is crowning another drunkard with ivy. Other intoxicated figures variously disposed.

Purchased by Philip IV., before Velasquez made his first journey to Italy.

*THE FORGE OF VULCAN. 7 ft. 3 in. × 9 ft. 5 in. [No. 1059.]

The god Apollo appears in the forge of Vulcan, who, with the help of four Cyclops, is fashioning a coat of mail, and tells him of the adultery of his spouse Venus with Mars. Painted in Italy.

Acquired for Philip IV. in 1634.

*THE SURRENDER OF BREDA; commonly called "Las Lanzas." 10 ft. × 11 ft. 11 in. [No. 1060.]

General Justino de Nassau, in humble attitude, presents the key to the victorious general, who with his hand on the shoulder of the conquered soldier, addresses him in flattering terms for his bravery.

It is believed that Velasquez painted this work about the year 1647.

*LAS HILANDERAS (THE SPINNERS): Tapestry Manufactory of St. Isabel of Madrid. 7 ft. 2 in. × 9 ft. 4 in. [No. 1061.]

An old woman spins at a wheel while she turns to speak to a young woman at her side, standing by a red curtain. Other figures in the background carding the wool, etc.
Decorated the Palace of the Buen Retiro.

*LAS MENIÑAS; formerly called "The Family." 10 ft. 4 in. × 8 ft. 11 in. [No. 1062.]

Velasquez is executing the portraits of Philip IV. and his second wife Mariana of Austria, who are seen reflected in a mirror situated at the back of the studio. The child Infanta Margarita Maria is attended by her *Meniñas*, Maria Agustina Sarmiento and Isabel de Velasco, the latter supplying her with a vessel of water, and the former standing on the left of Maria. The dwarfs, Mari Bárbola and Nicolasito Pertusato, occupy the corner on the right, the latter with his foot resting on a large dog.
Collection of Philip IV., Royal Palace of Madrid.

* MERCURY AND ARGUS. 4 ft. 1 in. × 8 ft. 1 in. [No. 1063.]

Mercury having caused Argus, the guardian of the cow Io, to fall asleep, cuts off the head of the animal.
Collection of Philip IV., Royal Alcazar of Madrid.

KING PHILIP III. ON HORSEBACK. 9 ft. 9 in. × 10 ft. 2 in. [No. 1064.]

Some parts of the person of this portrait seem hardly to be the work of Velasquez, but rather that of Pantajo, or of Bartolomé Gonzalez.

QUEEN MARGARITA OF AUSTRIA, WIFE OF PHILIP III. 9 ft. 8 in. × 10 ft. [No. 1065.]

The queen is mounted on a beautiful chestnut and white horse. She is dressed in a black costume, with open sleeves bordered with silver. Of this picture Velasquez painted scarcely more than the horse, the background, and some accessories.
Collection of Philip IV., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* KING PHILIP IV. ON HORSEBACK. 9 ft. 9 in. × 10 ft. 2 in. [No. 1066.]

The king is seen almost in profile; clothed in half-armour of burnished steel, ornamented with gold. He holds the sceptre in his right hand. The horse is slightly rearing.
Collection of Philip IV., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

ISABEL OF BOURBON, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. 9 ft. 9 in. × 10 ft. 2 in. [No. 1067.]

Mounted on a white palfrey.
Collection of Philip IV., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* PRINCE DON BALTAZAR CARLOS. 6 ft. 9 in. × 5 ft. 7 in. [No. 1068.]

Represents a child of six or seven years, mounted on a spirited Andalusian pony, which is on the gallop.
A small dull copy still exists in the Dulwich Gallery.
Collection of Philip IV., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* THE COUNT-DUKE D'OLIVAREZ. 10 ft. 2 in. × 7 ft. 9 in. [No. 1069.]

With a plate-breast of burnished steel and gold ornamentation, mounted on a spirited sorrel horse; holding in his right hand the general's baton.
This canvas passed from the House of Guzman to that of the Marques de la Ensenada, from whom it was acquired by King Charles III., and in whose collection in the New Palace it figured in 1772.

* PHILIP IV. 6 ft. 6 in. × 3 ft. 3 in. [No. 1070.]

A young man, standing.
Collection of Philip IV., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* PHILIP IV. 1 ft. 10 in. × 1 ft. 5 in. [No. 1071.]

Representing a young man of eighteen or nineteen years, in steel armour adorned with gold. Extended bust; life-size.
Earliest known portrait of the king. Justi thinks the armour and red scarf added at a later date by Velasquez.

* DOÑA MARIA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY, SISTER OF PHILIP IV. (?). 1 ft 10 in. × 1 ft. 5 in. [No. 1072.]

Represented about twenty-five years of age.
She married Ferdinand of Hungary, and was painted, after her marriage, by Velasquez, at Naples. She had been betrothed in 1623 to Charles Prince of Wales.

DON CARLOS, SECOND SON OF KING PHILIP III. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 1 in. [No. 1073.]

* KING PHILIP IV. 6 ft. 2 in. × 4 ft. 1 in. [No. 1074.]

As sportsman, with a gun in his right hand. At his side is a hound.

One of three portraits, alike in size, and shape of the king, his brother Ferdinand, and his son Balthazar, dressed in shooting costume.

Collection of Charles II., Royal Alcazar and Palace of Madrid.

INFANTE DON FERNANDO OF AUSTRIA, BROTHER OF PHILIP IV. 6 ft. 2 in. × 6 ft. 4 in. [No. 1075.]

Standing in a field, in hunting costume with a gun in his hands. At his side a beautiful cinnamon-coloured hound.

Collection of Charles II. in 1686.

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, AT SIX YEARS OF AGE. 6 ft. 2 in. × 3 ft. 4 in. [No. 1076.]

Standing, in hunting costume, and holding his gun, which rests on the ground. At one side a large setter, and on the other a greyhound.

KING PHILIP IV., OF ABOUT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE. 7 ft. 6 in. × 4 ft. 3 in. [No. 1077.]

Standing, in half-armour, with the sceptre in his hand, and a stout lion at his feet.

Came from the Escorial to this Museum in 1845.

* DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 1 in. [No. 1078.]

Her right hand rests on the back of an easy-chair, while the left falls naturally. She is dressed in black silk.

Collection of Charles II., Palace of the Retiro (?). *Came from the Escorial in* 1845.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA. 7 ft. 6 in. × 4 ft. 3 in. [No. 1079.]

Repetition of No. 1078, with variation in the disposition of the curtain.

KING PHILIP IV., AT AN ADVANCED AGE. Life-sized bust. 2 ft. 3 in. × 1 ft. 10 in. [No. 1080.]

PHILIP IV., IN PRAYER. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 9 in. [No. 1081.]

Kneeling, with his hat in his left hand; dressed in black. Entire figure.

From the Royal Monastery of the Escorial.

DOÑA MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. *IN* PRAYER. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 9 in. [No. 1082.]

Kneeling, with her two hands on the cushion, and in them a prayer-book.
Companion to and from the same source as the preceding picture.

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP IV. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. 8 in. [No. 1083.]

A youth, of some fourteen years, standing.
Collection of Charles II., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* MARIA TERESA OF AUSTRIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV., AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF FRANCE. 6 ft. 10 in. × 4 ft. 9 in. [No. 1084.]

Apparently of about ten years of age. Standing, with a rose in her left hand, and a fine cambric handkerchief in her right. Full-length; life-size.
Saved from the fire of the old Alcazar in 1734.

DON LUIS DE GONGORO OF ARGOTE, CORDOVAN POET. Life-sized bust. 1 ft. 11 in. × 1 ft. 6 in. [No. 1085.]

* DOÑA JUANA PACHECO, WIFE OF VELASQUEZ. 2 ft. × 1 ft. 7 in. [No. 1086.]

Life-sized bust, with part of the left hand.
Sometimes called "The Sybil."
Collection of Isabel Farnese, Palace of San Ildefonso.

* DAUGHTER OF VELASQUEZ, INFANT GIRL. Half-figure; life-size. 1 ft. 10 in. × 1 ft. 6 in. [No. 1087.]

There is no certainty that this represents either Francisca or Ignatia, the two daughters of Velasquez. There is another canvas, however, in the Prado, very like this one, and the two may be portraits of the two sisters.

INFANT GIRL. 1 ft. 11 in. × 1 ft. 6 in. [No. 1088.]

Apparently a sister of the child represented in the preceding canvas. Half-figure; life-size.

ELDERLY LADY. 3 ft. 5 in. × 2 ft. 6 in. [No. 1089.]

Half-figure; life-size. The authenticity of this work is very doubtful.
Saved from the fire of the old Castle in 1734.

DON ANTONIO ALONSO PIMENTEL, NINTH EARL (CONDE) OF BENAVENTE, LORD OF THE BEDCHAMBER OF PHILIP IV. 3 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 10 in. [No. 1090.]

Collection of Isabel Farnese, Palace of San Ildefonso.

* THE SCULPTOR MARTINEZ MONTAÑÉS. 3 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 10 in. [No. 1091.]

Erroneously supposed to be Alonso Cano; represented modelling a bust of Philip IV. Half-length; unfinished.

* PABLILLOS DE VALLADOLID, A BUFFOON OF PHILIP IV. 6 ft. 9 in. × 4 ft. [No. 1092.]

Life-sized figure. His name is mentioned in company with those of Cristobel de Pernia, and other Jesters or Players.

Collection of Philip IV., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* CRISTOBAL DE PERNIA, CALLED BABARROJA. 6 ft. 5 in. × 3 ft. 11 in. [No. 1093.]

Full-length figure; unfinished. Pernia in the character and costume of a Moorish Corsair.

Collection of Charles II., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

A JUGGLER OF PHILIP IV., NAMED DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA. 6 ft. 10 in. × 4 ft. [No. 1094.]

A life-sized figure, standing. In the background is seen the sea, with a blazing ship.

Collection of Philip IV. and Charles II., Palace of the Buen Retiro.

* THE DWARF EL PRIMO. 3 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 8 in. [No. 1095.]

Seated on a stone in the middle of a desert and mountainous field, with a large slouch hat on his head.

The head and books, according to Justi, belong to an earlier period than the background, which was painted probably over an interior.

Collection of Philip IV., Royal Castle and Palace of Madrid.

THE DWARF DON SEBASTIAN DE MORRA (?). 3 ft. 5 in. × 2 ft. 8 in. [No. 1096.]

Seated on the floor. Figure life-size.

From the same source as No. 1095.

* THE DWARF ANTONIO THE ENGLISHMAN (?). 4 ft. 7 in. × 3 ft. 5 in. [No. 1097.]

At his side a mastiff bitch, and in his right hand, which falls naturally, he holds his slouch hat adorned with plumes. Full-length figure, and of life-size.

Collection of Charles II., Torre de la Parada (?).

THE CHILD OF VALLEÇAS. 3 ft. 6 in. × 2 ft. 8 in. [No. 1098.]

In a field, bareheaded, and with a pack of cards in his hands. Full-length and life-size.

Collection of Charles II., Torre de la Parada (?).

*EL BOBO DE CORIA. 3 ft. 4 in. × 2 ft. 8 in. [No. 1099.]

Seated on a stone, with a gourd at either side, and his hands upon his right knee. Entire figure; life-size.

This picture decorated the Torre de la Parada till the time of Charles III. The subject of the picture was no doubt one of the many Court fools or hombres de placer *of Philip IV.*

*ÆSOP. 4 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. [No. 1100.]

Standing in the middle of a dismantled room. Entire figure.

Collection of Philip IV., Torre de la Parada.

*MOENIPPUS. 5 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. [No. 1101.]

Standing in a disgarnished room, with books and a parchment at his feet. Enveloped in a black cloak. Entire figure.

Collection of Charles II., Torre de la Parada.

*THE GOD MARS. 5 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 1 in. [No. 1102.]

Seated on the edge of a bed, with his left foot on a pine footstool, his left elbow resting on his knee, and his cheek upon his hand; nude, with the exception of a blue drapery across the body, and a rose-coloured cloak thrown over shoulders.

One of the few nudes of Velasquez; it hung in the Torre de la Parada. It seems little later than the "Vulcan," perhaps just before the "Christ at the Pillar."

Collection of Philip IV., Royal Castle and Palace of Madrid, or Torre de la Parada.

A MAN. Life-sized bust. 1 ft. 3 in. × 1 ft. 2 in. [No. 1103.]

Collection of Philip V., Palace of San Ildefonso.

A MAN. Life-sized bust. 1 ft. 10 in. × 1 ft. 3 in. [No. 1104.]

ALONSO MARTINEZ DE ESPINAR, VALET-DE-CHAMBRE OF PRINCE BALTAZAR CARLOS. 2 ft. 5 in. × 1 ft. 5 in. [No. 1105.]

Dressed in black. Life-sized bust.
Collection of Isabel Farnese, Palace of San Ildefonso.

*VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA MEDICI AT ROME 1 ft. 5 in. × 1 ft. 3 in. [No. 1106.]

Taken during the two months which Velasquez spent at the Villa Medici on his first visit to Italy.
Collection of Philip IV., Royal Alcazar and Palace of Madrid.

*VIEW IN THE GARDEN DE LA VILLA MEDICI AT ROME. 1 ft. 5 in. × 1 ft. 3 in. [No. 1107.]

Companion to and from the same source as No. 1106.

VIEW OF THE ARCH OF TITUS IN THE COMPO VACCINO OF ROME. 4 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 7 in. [No. 1108.]

Taken in the Via Sacra.
Painted probably in Madrid from some note made in Rome while Velasquez was on his first visit to Italy.

VIEW OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE TRITONS IN THE GARDEN OF THE ISLAND OF ARANJUEZ. 8 ft. 1 in. × 7 ft. 3 in. [No. 1109.]

It is believed that Velasquez painted this picture, or at least made the studies for it, in the year 1642, *during Philip IV.'s journey to Saragossa.*

VIEW OF THE CALLE DE LA REINA, IN ARANJUEZ. 7 ft. 11 in. × 6 ft. 7 in. [No. 1110.]

Probably executed about the same time as No. 1109, *that is, in* 1642.

VIEW OF THE BUEN RETIRO, AS IT APPEARED IN THE TIME OF PHILIP IV. 4 ft. 9 in. × 3 ft. 8 in. [No. 1111.]

VIEW OF A ROYAL RESIDENCE. 4 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 7 in. [No. 1112.]

Possibly the old Alcazar and Palace of Madrid, from the garden of the emperors or of the prioress.

STUDY OF LANDSCAPE AND PERSPECTIVE. 4 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 7 in. [No. 1113.]

In the heavens the god Mercury is clearing the air with the caduceus in his hand; in the lower part of the picture, other figures.

STUDY OF LANDSCAPE AND PERSPECTIVE. 4 ft. 10 in. × 3 ft. 7 in. [No. 1114.]

Saved from the fire of the old Alcazar of Madrid in 1734.

STUDY OF THE HEAD OF AN OLD MAN. 1 ft. 3 in. × 1 ft. [No. 1115.]

Life-size. Authenticity doubtful.
Collection of Philip V., Palace of San Ildefonso.

MUSEO DEL TOMENTO, MADRID.

THE INFANTA DOÑA MARGARITA.

A MAGDALEN.

ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

THE AQUADOR OF SEVILLE.

Replica of the Duke of Wellington's picture.

THE ESCORIAL, MADRID.

JOSEPH'S BRETHREN SHOWING HIS BLOOD-STAINED COAT.

Painted at Rome in 1630.

GALLERY OF SENOR SALAMANCA, MADRID.

A WOMAN IN BLACK. Said to be a masterpiece.

PHILIP IV.

The king is in pink; in his right hand holds papers, in his left a hat.

THE COMPANION PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF PHILIP IV.

A PRELATE, SEATED.

DON BALTAZAR CARLOS.

A CARDINAL.

A SAINT, WITH A PALM BRANCH.

PHILIP IV.'S BROTHER.

A DWARF, SEATED, READING.

VIEW OF A PUBLIC SQUARE, WITH AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN THE CENTRE.

THE DUKE OF MEDINA CELI, MADRID.

A WOMAN.

THE DUKE OF ALBA, LIRIA PALACE, MADRID.

DOÑA ANTONIA, DAUGHTER OF DON LUIS DE HARO.

LA MERCED, SEVILLE.

TWO PORTRAITS.

A LANDSCAPE, WITH FIGURES.

A NATIVITY.

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

LARGE PICTURE OF STILL LIFE—COPPER PANS, MELONS, ETC.

PICTURE OF AN ARTICHOKE.

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, GRANADA.

DAVID.

TWO FRUIT PIECES.

THE MUSEUM, VALLADOLID.

TWO FIGURES NEAR A PILE OF VEGETABLES.

THE MUSEUM, VALENCIA.

A PORTRAIT.

See engraving by Fortuny.

SWEDEN.

THE PALACE, GRYPSHOLM.

PHILIP IV. AS A YOUTH.

A gift from Pimental, the Spanish Ambassador, to Queen Christina.

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